

Summer
The Colorful and Romantic Story
of William D. Taylor's Life

MOVIE WEEKLY

March 25, 1922

10¢



MACK SENNETT BEAUTY

Stork Hovers over Bill Hart's Home

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Mary's Trials

FOR some peculiar crook in the makeup of "us mortals," we gaze curiously, and yet quite impersonally, at the troubles of others. When, however, these troubles are attached to a favorite celebrity, our interest quickens twofold.

Mary Pickford and her trials attract us. She represents the champion trial-sufferer among the motion picture contingent. Two trials of long and enduring standing bob up continually to agitate the otherwise peaceful rush of producing and starring in big specials.

The one we have in mind at this writing, especially, is the Mrs. Cora Wilkenning suit, charging that back in 1916, or thereabouts, she, an agent, was instrumental in having Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players - Lasky Corporation, raise Mary's salary to the million dollar a year mark. In compensation for her services, she demanded the regular agent fee of ten per cent of Mary's salary at the time the raise became effective. But the demand has never been met.

Mary denies Mrs. Wilkenning had anything at all to do with her raise. So does her mother, Mrs. Pickford, who has been her business manager since Mary was a wee bit of a stage actress earning eight dollars a week.

Mrs. Wilkenning, finding the two adamant, marched into a lawyer's office and with his legal commandeering, fired her first lawsuit gun back in 1918 for the money she claims is due her for agent's services rendered.

Mary stoutly denied the charge, then, as she does today, and the two go to court every year or so to fight the battle to another decision. Neither permits a decision against herself to stand unchallenged. Therefore, one new trial of the old one follows another.

Mary fights for the principal of the thing. She has lost \$108,000 twofold and probably even more from the expense of court totals and the loss of holding up production on her pictures. But to give in to a woman she and her mother allege to be absolutely without cause for demanding \$108,000 would be next to making a dupe of herself for the agent's purposes.

The agent, Mrs. Wilkenning, on the other hand, believes

herself to be in the right, so she stubbornly sticks to the cause.

Mary and Doug are now back in Hollywood, where Doug is working on his latest production, "Robin Hood," and Mary begins work soon on "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary is all broken up over the strain of the trial that has just ended. So she will rest up a bit before going in for strenuous work.

It's pretty hard sledding for Mary to look forward to first a trial in New York of the Wilkenning suit and then a trial in Reno, Nevada, for that ancient suit charging that her divorce from Owen Moore was void. Here, again, Mary is up against it, for the State Attorney of Nevada, who conducts warfare against Mary, is bent on making Mary suffer for her happiness in being divorced from Owen and Married to Doug. Well, life seems to be just one darn trial after another for Mary.

Circumstances have lined up against her for stormy legal sessions and under the strain, Mary's health is waging a valiant fight for supremacy.

Mary Pickford is a great artist. She is a splendid executive. She works from eight to sixteen hours a day in the studio, planning, acting, supervising every little detail. It is a big job for a woman.

All her health reserve is called upon to buoy her up for the terrific amount of work she has set herself to accomplish. Figure out for yourself, then. If there are to be pestering trials that are dug up again and again simply because those on the losing end lack good sportsmanship and Mary's work is interrupted by legal worries and tribulations — well, after all, Mary is only human.

We wonder what our readers think of these heckling trials of Mary's.

WE CALL ATTENTION TO . . .

Again, we call our readers' attention to that remarkable story now running in "Movie Weekly," "The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor's Life." This is the one authoritative account of this individual's adventurous life. The Editor feels that readers of "Movie Weekly" want to know the truth about Mr. Taylor. The writer was a personal friend of the slain director. Write and tell us what you think of this unusual story.

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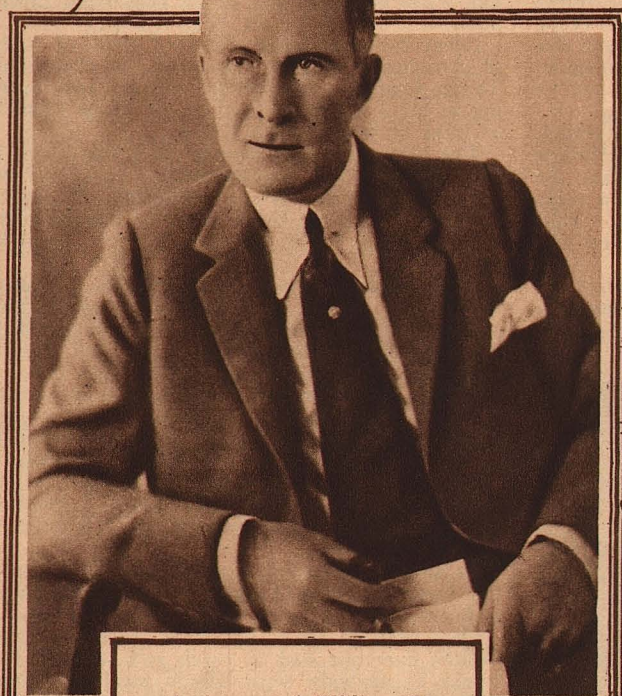
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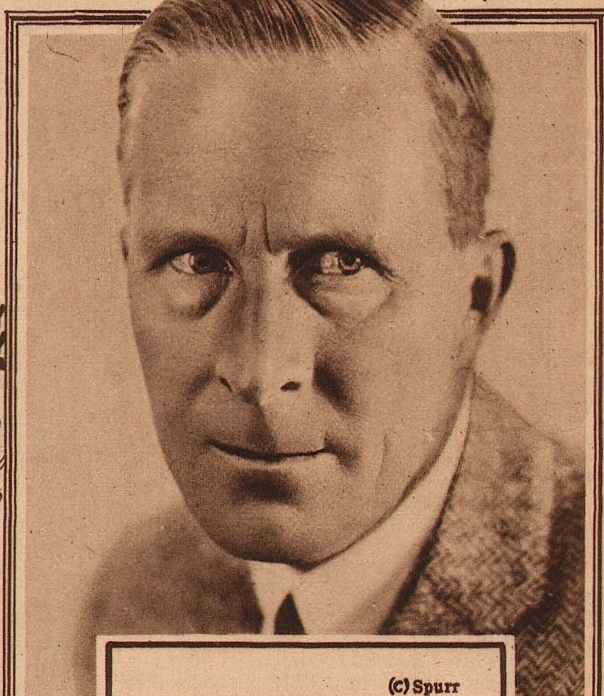
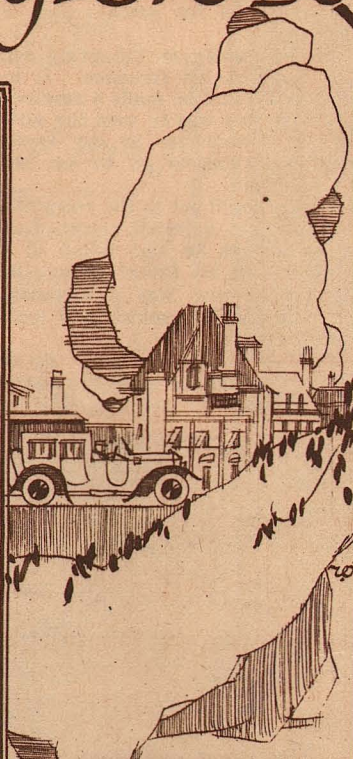
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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life



A closeup of William D. Taylor



(c) Spurr

At work on the set

by
Truman B. Handy

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is the second instalment of William D. Taylor's remarkable life story, recounting vividly the colorful story of his early boyhood days and the strange experiences he underwent in his early manhood days. This is the first time Mr. Taylor's story in detail has ever been published by any publication, and the accuracy of this narrative to detail and its faithful delineation of Taylor's real character and personality ranks it among the foremost of the "exclusive" stories published in "Movie Weekly."

You will recall that last week's instalment of Mr. Taylor's story found the boy on the stage, and dreading that his father ask him to abandon what he fondly believed to be the beginning of a dramatic career. Which proved to be true.

FOR a week Taylor entertained his father with the lore of the theatre; had him meet a number of the leading actors in London at that time—and conclusively proved that he was neither already married to an actress nor had any intention of being married to anyone "in the profession."

Admittedly, Maj. Tanner liked the life behind the scenes. He even went so far as to say that he could understand how his son happened to like it. Yet, in the next breath, he begged William to leave the footlights, to return to the quiet, paternal acres near Mallow—to "settle down and make a man of himself."

The young actor did not wish to oppose his father when he saw that there were tears in the elder man's eyes, but at the same time, his fascination for the stage had grown into a love for it.

It was the turning point of his career.

He begged his father's indulgence for the time

being—until Hawtrey, at least, could rehearse another man in his part, but Maj. Tanner remained obdurate—parentally unreasonable—and spoke glowingly about the family honor and all that.

Such talk failed to convince Taylor, and he spoke of going on tour with the Hawtrey company.

"Leave the stage—for your mother's sake," at length pleaded the father. "Since she heard the news that you are playing in the theatre she is heartbroken. She can think of nothing else, and the worry is injuring her health."

This reference to his mother moved the young actor where other arguments had failed. With sadness in his heart he handed in his resignation to Hawtrey and departed from London with his father.

The quietude of the old peat-bogs, the lazy, unprogressive life of the Mallow citizenry palled on Taylor soon after he returned to the homestead estate. He became restless and hinted that he was going to depart again for distant parts.

There was constant fear in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners that their scion would again play on the hated stage. Letters to Taylor from Hawtrey and other actors confirmed their suspicions that his theatrical desires were by no means dead.

News had reached England that a colony for remittance men—the impecunious sons of leading families—had been successfully established in America at Harper, Kansas. Maj. Tanner invested in acreage there, and offered it to his son.

There was a reason, however, why young Taylor did not then want to leave Mallow for America. It was unexpressed by him at that time—but when his father discovered it he became all the more determined that his son should do nothing unconventional to blot the family escutcheon.



Underwood & Underwood
A new photograph of Captain Taylor as he appeared just before sailing with his regiment in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces

As far as the father of William D. Taylor was concerned, everything stood in readiness for the departure of his son from the Deane-Tanner homestead at Mallow, Ireland, to America and the remittance-men's colony at Harper, Kansas.

But Major Deane-Tanner had not reckoned with the will and desires of the son who had so singularly "disgraced" his family by wanting to act on the stage, nor had he considered that, possibly, Taylor might be in love.

It was, therefore, a considerable surprise to the stoic army officer when his son refused to accept evacuation orders from him.

In those days, as in the later hours of his life, Taylor customarily gave his confidence to no one. During the time that he lived separate from his family in his caretaker's hut he saw little of his relatives during his reclusion from them. However, it did not necessarily mean that he completely isolated himself entirely from the rest of the world, nor that he would prohibit himself the society of the gentler sex.

On the other hand, he turned romantic eyes in the direction of one of Mallow's "younger set," the daughter of a family of townspeople whose obscurity naturally precluded the possibility of their association with the aristocratic members of the Deane-Tanner clan.

For generations old-time feudal spirit reigned in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners. In fact, some of Taylor's uncles had been known to have fought heroically for the hand and honor of some fair maiden, and, while Taylor belonged to a later and more modern generation, he was none the less chivalrous.

When he returned to Mallow from his short sojourn on the stage with Hawtrey there was naturally a certain amount of discussion anent his "adventure" rampant among the townspeople, and several feminine hearts commenced to beat faster, and various traps were set to ensnare the attentions of the handsome young actor.

On a pilgrimage into town there occurred the meeting that was destined to leave its deep impress on young Taylor's heart. Its circumstances were quite unconventional—yet quite as harmless as other circumstances of his life. And they proved conclusively that Sir Walter Raleigh's w.k. gallantry toward the fair Elizabeth was none the more gallant than Taylor's exploit with a humble village girl.

One lazy afternoon, when the sun hung warm over Ireland and the odor of the peat bogs filled the air, Taylor set out from his hut for a walk into town. He had been at work on his play, and, as is frequently the case with authors, had come to a stumbling-block in the construction of its plot. His heroine was in danger! Her hero knew it and had started to help her—but Taylor, the author, could think of no way in which to get the young woman out of the difficulty, and his mind was reaching into practically every possible cavern of thought. He was in a brown study, a mental complex, and his steps toward town were mechanical, absent-minded.

Suddenly, however, he perceived that he was crossing a stream through which he would have to wade to continue his journey. And, unromantically enough, he removed his brogans and socks, and proceeded to step into the cool water. He had hardly entered it when he observed, a few feet ahead of him, the distressing sight of a pretty girl marooned mid-stream in a cart one of whose wheels had broken. She was frightened herself and yet trying to calm her equally-frightened mule, and, between the antics of the mule and the broken cartwheel, she was having considerable difficulty in keeping the conveyance from tipping her bodily into the splashing brook.

Taylor quickly realized the situation, and making a dash to the side of the cart, lifted the young lady bodily from it and carried her in his arms across the stream.

His heroism had its impress. Also be it known that the colleen was traditionally pretty, and that after she had walked with her rescuer into the village she had cast a romantic spell over him.

From then on, through days and weeks the romance flourished and grew. Taylor spoke of marriage, but his words were not taken seriously. All through the spring and summer the two remained sweethearts, and the youth, who was then in his early twenties, spoke to the girl of taking her to Canada and of there making his fortune.

His romance he kept secret from his parents for he knew the attitude they would take toward

a member of their family who would consort with one of the peasantry. But, to Taylor, the village girl represented his ideal, and, furthermore, at heart he was a democrat.

To get money with which to marry and take his bride safely to Canada he resolved once again to try enlistment in the British army. This latter fact he told his father, who arranged for him to be sent to the recruiting station at Sandhurst. Both the physical and mental tests were then extremely rigid and for some reason he again failed to pass.

While he was away at the army school, his father got wind of his romance. It infuriated him beyond words and he made a resolve to break it up. His first step was to visit the girl and her family and to forbid her to see Taylor again. The second step was to go to see his son at Sandhurst.

But before he could get to the recruiting school, Taylor, disconsolate, dejected, returned to Mallow with the news that he had failed to pass the examination. With his father already in a surly mood his homecoming was unfortunate. Maj. Tanner met him with a scowl, and mocked him for his weakness.

"You are dishonorable in love," he railed, "a disgrace to your family and all that, but you aren't man enough to get into His Majesty's



Mary Pickford was directed by William Taylor

service. You couldn't be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

The insinuation stung Taylor. He could see, from the attitude of his family, that he was in disgrace among them. Even his mother's demeanor had changed, and he felt that he was merely being tolerated.

He determined to seek consolation in his sweet-heart and went to the village to see her. When he got there, however, he found that her family had moved and left no whereabouts—and he later learned that this was an act of his father's, for Maj. Tanner had paid them to move to another village many miles distant.

His spirit broken, his honor as a man impugned, Taylor returned to his home. Maj. Tanner was still irreconcilable and hinted that it would be better, perhaps, if William were to take up his abode for a time in London—out of sight of his mother and sisters.

It was impossible for Taylor to again live among his former friends with a stigma upon him, however. Not that he was necessarily ostracised from his family—his father's wish that he live in London was a more or less temporary solution of the "problem," rather than an actual banishment of his son—but Taylor felt, nevertheless, that it might be well for him to take advantage of his father's former offer to send him to the newly-founded colony in America.

When he left England it was with a resolve never again to return to the heart of his family, nor, in fact, would he permit his family to bid him adieu at the sailing of his boat from Liverpool.

Other sons of British families were en route to America with him. Two of the chaps and Taylor formed a friendly triumvirate, each bearing in mind a certain formula of ideals relative to what he would do in Kansas.

The idea of being a farmer—of tilling his own soil—from the first was somewhat odious to Taylor. He had been reared a gentleman, and, while a democrat in spirit, the prospect of manual labor as a means of livelihood did not appeal strongly to him.

One of his shipboard acquaintances intended seeking his fortune in New York, being of the opinion that America's streets were paved with dollars, easy for the picking. He urged Taylor to enter into a land-selling venture with him.

"When I first came to America," the late director once told me, "I fully believed that everywhere we would see Indians, baseball players and multi-millionaires. It was, therefore, a shock to me when I first discovered New York to be as busy a place as London—also when I realized that an English pound bought far less articles than at home."

In New York he lived in a small boarding house that housed a group of actors. Gradually he came to know them.

"We used to eat at the same table," he said, "where everyone had to reach and struggle for food. If anybody were late to meals he stood little chance of getting anything to eat. It was a case of the survival of the fittest and I soon got so that I could grab equally as well as my table companions."

All because of a plate of potatoes he "fell in" with the actors. The manager of the troupe had come in late to dinner one evening, and when he sat at the table he found that all he could get to eat would be dessert. In his calm, courteous manner Taylor offered the man part of his own dinner, consisting largely of potatoes. The man accepted and a friendship sprung up, and Taylor was invited to the theatre to watch the company from the wings.

One evening he was visiting, when it was discovered that the stage "heavy" had been taken ill. No one in the company could fill his part. Taylor had, it happened, been reading the play only the night before. When consternation reigned among the players, when it seemed as if the evening's performance were ruined, he offered his services. They were accepted and he went on that evening. Part of the time he was prompted from the wings—but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show's manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

This offer, however, he did not accept, for he was offered a salary so small that, even in the late '90's, it was impossible as a living wage. It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not undertake the engagement, for the company failed hopelessly the fourth day out and its members came sneaking back into New York to seek other and perhaps more lucrative work.

Instead, Taylor started for Kansas. When he got there he was hopelessly disappointed in the Englishmen's colony at Harper. The town itself was small and unattractive. A number of the remittance men—all well-born and well-bred, but incapable of actually supporting themselves by their own efforts—were living in comparative poverty. All were discouraged and longed to get back to Britain, but Taylor did not permit this fully to discourage him.

His acreage, bought for him by his father, was unimproved. He ordered lumber and started the work of building himself a house. When he had finished this he set about planting a small kitchen garden. Many nights he went to his bed with

(Continued on page 29)

The Stork hovers over Bill Hart's home

A Happy Couple and a Beautiful Home Life

By Grace Kingsley

IT'S all just like a Bill Hart Wild West romance, after Bill has repented of his badman deeds, hung his guns on the wall, and gone off and married the heroine!

In short, it's a very happy, beautiful home, that of William S. Hart and his wife—who used to be Winifred Westover—out in the Beverly Hills of California.

And now, as the finishing touch to their joy, the stork is expected!

It isn't to be for some time yet, however, this coming of the bird that promises so much happiness to the Hart home. But already Mrs. Hart and Bill's faithful and loving sister Mary are laying in a supply of wonderful little garments—fluffy, soft little garments that women love so much.

Bill Hart is probably about the happiest man in the world! He has always loved children, he is deeply devoted to his girl wife, and you may be sure that she is being protected from every chill blast as tenderly as though she were a queen expecting an heir.

The Harts spend a good deal of time at Hart's ranch. Here Winifred and Bill walk about the orchards and fields and pastures, hand in hand, or motor through the nearby hills. Both love the country and are happier out there than anywhere else in the world, they say. Pinto Ben, Bill's old horse, is pastured out there, and the notional old creatures has taken a great fancy to Bill's bride. Winifred sometimes mounts him and goes for a short ride, with Bill on a more spirited animal beside her.

Sister Mary is taking a special pride in fitting up a beautiful nursery in the Hart house, with all the comforts of home that a babe might naturally expect from such parents as a Harts' baby's are.

Now perhaps for the first time in his life Bill Hart is forgetful of the old tragedy of his life—the time the sister, just two years younger than himself, to whom he was deeply devoted, passed away. That was many years ago, but he fairly worshipped the girl, who was a delicate spiritual sort of little creature.

"Bill never got over her loss," Sister Mary told me once.

Mrs. Hart has been entertaining her old Hollywood friends of late, and a few weeks ago developed a great desire to return to the screen. Her husband doesn't wish her to do so, ever, and now, of course, it isn't likely that she will.

Some day Bill and his wife are expecting to take a trip to Europe. But the arrival of an heir will put the trip off for a couple of years at least, because neither Hart nor Winifred is the sort of person to leave the baby's care to strangers.

The Hart home is the scene of many delightful social affairs of an informal nature. These two genuine souls care deeply for all their old friends; so Winifred's girlhood friends and Bill's old associates frequently drop in for dinner or for an evening's chat.

The house is a picturesque one inside and out. It is built against the hills, and there is a suggestion of hominess and warmth and friendliness that is exactly like Hart and his sister.

Inside, the Hart home is furnished throughout with skins, Indian rugs, Indian pottery, basketry, curious, bright-colored Indian clothing, and with pictures by famous Indian painters, including Frederick Remington and others almost as well-known. There is a picturesque den, cosily fitted with Indian rugs, blankets, skins, pipes, paintings, which is Hart's own. Even Winifred doesn't venture in when Bill is puffing his old Indian pipe and going over his business affairs.

In the meantime, he's a very happy Bill, as, indeed, he deserves to be.

Mrs. William S.

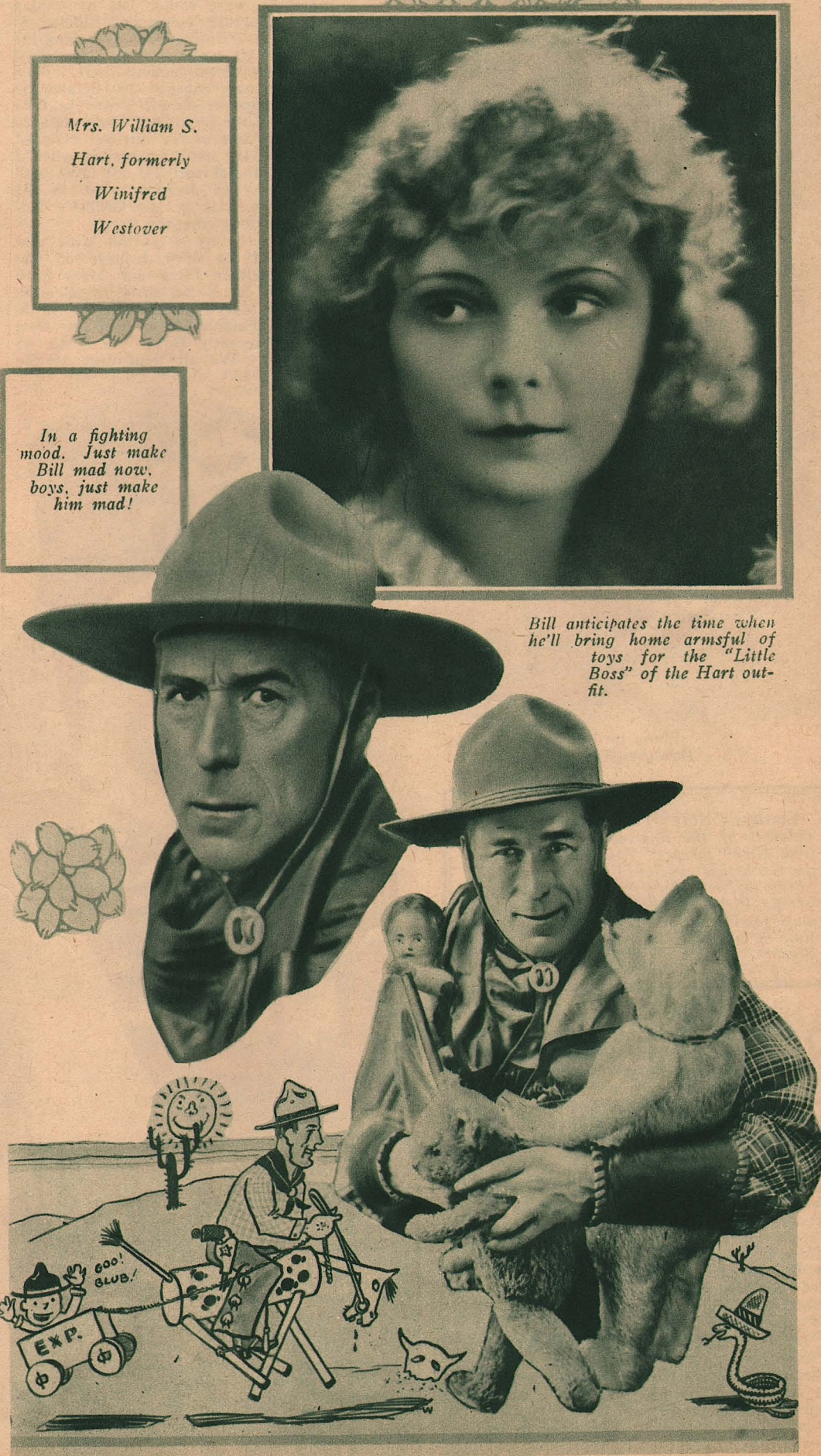
Hart, formerly

Winifred

Westover

In a fighting mood. Just make Bill mad now, boys, just make him mad!

Bill anticipates the time when he'll bring home armful of toys for the "Little Boss" of the Hart outfit.



An Intimate Story of the Gish



Photo by Kenneth Alexander
Dorothy Gish

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is the second instalment of the interesting story of the Gish Girls' careers. You will recall that the last article concluded with Dorothy and Lillian meeting Mary Pickford and the rest of the Pickford family. Don't miss this most fascinating story, which, for the first time in any publication, appears in "Movie Weekly."

PART II

RECOLLECTIONS of their childhood days with the Pickford-Smiths, and stories of the good times they had when they all lived together in a house on Thirty-Seventh Street made Lillian and Dorothy Gish recall other incidents about Mary Pickford, and how, through her, they became movie actresses. "Getting into the movies was not a very intricate business a dozen years ago," Lillian continued. The Gishes and the Pickfords were then moving about New York, living uptown on the west side for a time, until the Gishes went on the road again, leaving Mary, Lottie and Jack in New York. It was during one of these tours that Dorothy fell ill, the engagement was cancelled, and the family came north. When they reached New York, they found that Mary Pickford was playing in the movies.

"What on earth can she see in the movies?" we asked each other," said Dorothy. "We went to the studio to see her and to find out what it was all about. She was playing in one of the Biograph productions with D. W. Griffith and she introduced us to him. He asked us to play an extra role in one of his productions, and that was the way we began."

"We were rather late in joining the Biograph company," Lillian explained. "Biograph was reaching the end of its career and we played in a few of the productions there. Then Mary was engaged by Belasco to play opposite Ernest Truex in 'The Good Little Devil,' and I was engaged to play one of the fairies. I stayed with Mary until the spring, when I found the climate did not agree with me and we decided to go to the Coast to play in Mr. Griffith's Triangle stock company.

"But before I go on with that part of the story, I must tell you that neither Doug nor Mary have grown up a bit since those days. When Mary's picturization of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' opened in New York recently Doug was along, of course. We all went over to the

to ride on an elephant with the brass band just behind him."

Soon after Lillian's trip west, all paths led to the first of the spectacular productions which Mr. Griffith has made, the famous "Birth of a Nation." But Lillian had another long path to tread before she attained even this success, a success, which, by the way, she depreciates.

"It was too big a part for me," she said. "I didn't know enough about acting. Of more importance to me was my work with Triangle. I photographed well and was fairly sure of myself as an actress, so whenever a new director broke in I was given to him. I played in the first productions of such well-known directors as Del Henderson, Eddie Dillon, William Christy Cabanne, and others I can't even remember at this moment. But this was splendid experience for me. These directors were anxious to make a good impression with their first picture. They didn't care a bit about me; and I was left to make the most of myself. Then Triangle began to lose its hold, and when 'The Birth of a Nation' was started, Mr. Griffith gave me a part in it. When I look at it now, I am always ashamed of my acting. I just didn't know any better. None of us girls, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper or myself, knew much about picture acting at that time, and whatever we did was the result of Mr. Griffith's direction."



Dorothy Gish in a comical scene
from one of her later pictures.

theatre together before the performance to look things over," Lillian narrated. "Doug always acts like a twelve-year-old boy, and he got impatient with waiting, so he went down in the orchestra and amused himself by vaulting over the orchestra seats. Doug is the typical American, enthusiastic, boyish, and happy at all times. His greatest amusement is a circus parade and I think his idea of heaven is



An interesting closeup of Lillian in "The Birth of a Nation."

Girls' Triumphant Careers

"Do you know, you never realize how you become an actress," Dorothy remarked.

"That's just what I said when I spoke Sunday at the church in Washington Heights," said Lillian.

"Lillian spoke beautifully," Mrs. Klatch commented, her face beaming with pride.

"Yes, Lillian is getting to be a wonderful speaker," Dorothy added.

"The minister asked me to speak. He told me that he was having difficulty in getting the young people to come to church and thought that perhaps I could help him a little. Wherever we have been, mamma always sent us to Sunday School and church when she could. So I told the congregation what part the church had played in my life. I couldn't very well tell them they ought to go to Sunday School and church, for no doubt most of them do, but I could tell them about my own church associations.

"And that reminds me of what happened when we tried out 'Orphans of the Storm' in Hartford before the New York opening. It was just about the time of the Taylor murder and while the newspapers were telling these horrible stories about movie people, we were being escorted through a crowd by a big minister who went between us, one of us on each side of him.

"Then I received a letter not long ago from our old pastor from home. He is now in a New England town and he asked us if we wouldn't appear personally at a church benefit. It seems they needed the money badly, and we would have gone in person, if it had not been for another engagement which we could not break. So I sent him instead a print of 'Way Down East,' and the church raised that night as much money

as it had during the entire year, doubling, in other words, its collections.

"But, returning to why we became actresses, just as I told those churchfolk the other night, we grew up and when we grew up we found we knew how to do nothing except acting, and so we became actresses. People always speak of the glamor of the stage and all that, but I fail to see any glamor about it. And I suppose people also wonder why anyone should choose such a strange career as that of an actress. As a matter of fact, we never chose to become actresses. It just happened to us."

"I wish I could speak as well as you can," Dorothy told her sister. "I am studying voice now, and hope some day to go on the stage, but although my present teacher has succeeded in putting me at ease when I read lines before him, I still can't get up on my feet the way Lillian does and make

A pathetic scene with Lillian from "Way Down East."



Lillian Gish



Lillian in a scene from "The Birth of a Nation."

of being a speech-making woman," Lillian laughed. "I had an opportunity last year of speaking before a Chautauqua in New York State, where there were to be eighteen thousand in the audience. And Harvard University has asked me to deliver a lecture on how motion pictures are made. But I think Mr. Griffith is the man who knows more about that than anyone else, so I am going to suggest that he makes the lecture instead of me. Besides, I want to stay at home part of the time, anyhow, and am trying to avoid as many trips out of town as possible.

"But to get back to the old days. I stayed out on the Coast making pictures, while Mr. Griffith got the idea of producing 'Intolerance.' He had the germ of the modern story first, and the rest just grew. Do you know that he made the modern story of 'Intolerance,' the part that later was cut up and released as 'The Mother and the Law,' four times? He used the same cast in each version. He wasn't satisfied with the first and second attempts, and then he got the idea of the Babylonian episode and started to work on that. It took two years in all, and by the time he had completed the Babylonian episode, he found more faults with the modern story and made it once more. Finally, when he had finished re-takes, he decided that the photography of the modern story was too old-fashioned, so he made it for a fourth time. He had no script, everything was in his own head. It is simply wonderful when you think of one man retaining in his own brain all the ideas and details of such a tremendous production as 'Intolerance.'

"My part in 'Intolerance' was too slight to be noticed. The cradle-rocking scene in which I appeared was made in two hours one day. The others worked two years on the picture. The Los Angeles reviewers liked that shot, however, and

(Continued on page 18)

a connected speech. That night down in Pittsburgh..."

"Oh," Lillian laughed modestly, "as a matter of fact, I was frightened out of my wits that night. You know, the Westinghouse company invited me to speak over the radiophone when we were attending the opening of 'Orphans of the Storm' in Pittsburgh. First I was told that we would be speaking to people all over the country, that there would be a hundred thousand in the audience. That would be enough to scare anyone, but they made me wait while some politicians got up and read from manuscripts. Then they took me into a little room, where the temperature was about 95, and made me speak into the transmitter. I had no idea what I was going to say."

"But it was a wonderful little speech," Dorothy enthusiastically explained. "Lillian told about how pictures are made and she built up her little talk to a thrilling climax. I certainly wish I could talk like that."

"Well, I don't want to get the reputation

Charlie Chaplin's Find— Edna Purviance, Graduates to Star

By Carlyle Robinson



The new star cleans a car just as good as any wash-rackus, but the sad-eyed Bill, who is one of the pensioned canines from "A Dog's Life," seems inclined to interrupt her work.

Edna Purviance on the studio lot.



TWENTY-THREE years ago, in a beautiful little place called Paradise Valley, Nevada, a girl baby first saw the light of day and about a week later the happy parents had the child christened Edna Olga Purviance.

Statistics of the State of Nevada at that time showed that not more than seven thousand of the entire population of the whole state had been born there and that Paradise Valley could not boast of more than twelve births. So with all of this information, the arrival of Edna Olga was some event.

A few years later the Purviance family was called to Lovelock, another small community in the Nevada state and as was the custom, the Chamber of Commerce acted as a reception committee and the brass band hailed the new arrivals as they stepped from the train.

Edna was at the time just finishing the cutting of her teeth. The neighbors watched the progress of Edna, year in and year out, until she at last blossomed forth into her youth. At that time she was one of the chief attractions of Lovelock because she seemed more clever than the ordinary child and accomplishments as an elocutionist, piano player and singer always drew her the headline space on the church program at every entertainment in the parish.

At last Edna outgrew the form of education they provided in Lovelock and the first thing that was known she was speeding eastward and then the local papers carried headlines about her entrance into Vassar.

Having finished with the learning that she sought, Edna returned to her home and set the town "dippy" with the polish of her manners, and the new cut of her clothes caused much envy among the neighbors.

Then when Edna was almost eighteen years of age she took a little trip to San Francisco, the distance being just far enough for an over-night train ride, for the purpose of bolstering up her wardrobe, the main mission being a new Easter hat.

About the third night of her stay in San Francisco she happened along at a social function held in the ballroom of the St. Francis hotel. She had not been there long when three-quarters of the gathering made a dash for one corner of the ballroom and Edna wondered what it was all about.

Her curiosity was soon satisfied when one of those well-posted characters informed her that the great Charlie Chaplin had arrived and that he was going to lead the grand march.

Well, when it came time for the grand march it seems that Charlie was casting his eye about for a companion to walk in step with him when he suddenly saw a beautiful blonde young lady seated in a corner in a sort of lonesome attitude.

Anyhow this beautiful blonde young lady was the same and none other than the girl baby that awakened the statisticians of Paradise Valley some twenty-odd years ago.

Now, Charlie Chaplin always enjoyed good eyesight. So when his two optics were focussed on Edna he at once realized that he would be positively unable to lead that

grand march with anyone other than the beautiful blonde and he lost no time being properly introduced and soon the famous comedian and the young lady from Nevada were in deep conversation.

The next day Edna appeared at the Chaplin studios at Niles, Cal., and a few hours later she began her career before the camera. Ever since that time—and that's six years ago—Miss Purviance has held down the leading position among the members of the supporting company for Charlie. In all she has appeared in twenty-six pictures.

Then one day she was given even a greater opportunity to show her worth when Chaplin decided to make a picture called "The Kid." Edna had a bigger part to play and it called for some emotional work and she performed in such a manner as to cause glowing criticisms to be published about her.

Following all of this, thousands of letters started to pour into her mail bag from admirers everywhere who asked her to play in a picture where she would have a big part.

Motion picture producers started tempting Edna with contracts with all sorts of financial inducements included, but she still remained the leading woman for Charlie.

Charlie declared that Edna was indispensable to him just at the time, but hinted that it would not be long before she would undoubtedly star in her own productions.

So now comes the announcement by the Chaplin Studios, Inc., that Miss Edna Purviance has been graduated as leading woman for Charlie Chaplin and that there has been inaugurated the Edna Purviance Company.

Miss Purviance is now giving her attention to her wardrobe again, not for Easter hats, but for a whole car-load of classy things that she is going to doll herself up in when she starts out with her first starring production.

A story is being prepared for her and a director is about to be engaged and supporting members are being selected for the Edna Purviance Company and within a short time activities will be under way for the new star.

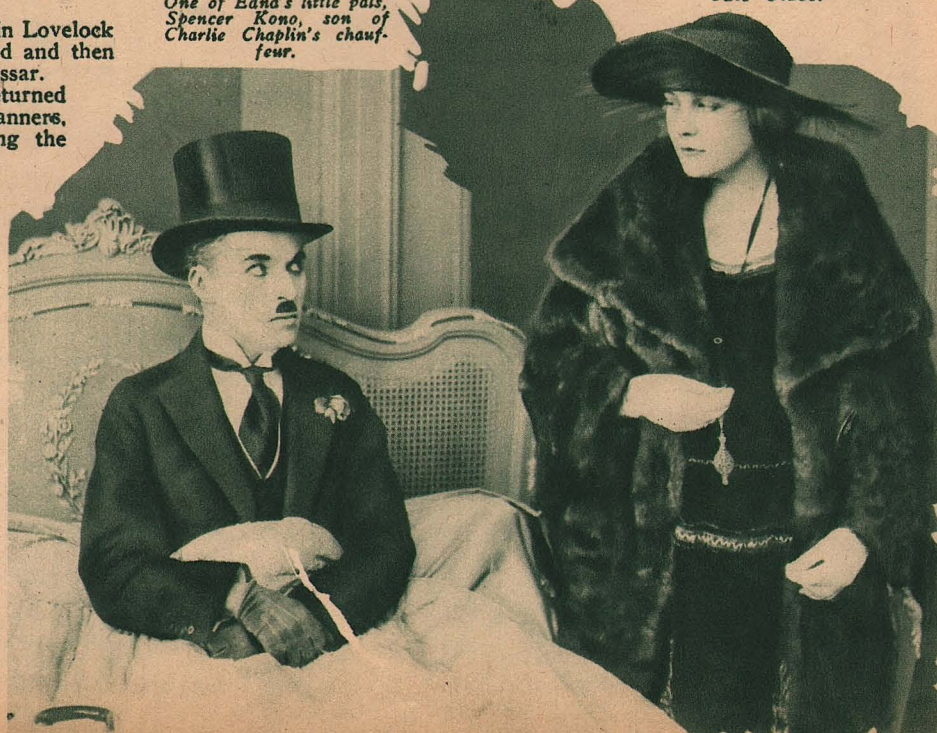
All of the Edna Purviance productions will be made right at the Charlie Chaplin plant in Hollywood, so even as a star Edna will be at home in the studio she knows so well.

So after all it is not such a bad thing to be born in a place like Paradise Valley and the State of Nevada can produce things just as valuable as gold.



One of Edna's little pals, Spencer Kono, son of Charlie Chaplin's chauffeur.

With Charlie in a humorous scene from "The Idle Class."



Norma Talmadge~

FORTUNE TELLER

WHERE DO YOU MEET YOUR SWEETHEART?

CERTAIN trysting-places have good and bad influences on your love affairs. If you feel uneasy in meeting your lover at a deep, sluggish river—you can trust your instinct, and take it as a warning of ill omen. Avoid making appointments there in future.

It is said that to meet on a high road, or a broad, crowded thoroughfare, is unlucky.

Where four ways meet is always an unlucky spot, and one to be shunned, especially at night.

A lane should be avoided if scentless wild roses or dog violets grow in its hedges.

In most instances woods are lucky to lovers, but poplar trees should be avoided, and deep hollows or ravines where trees grow very thickly are not lucky.

Ponds or canals or slowly-flowing streams had better be avoided. It is a widespread belief that stagnant or sluggish water attracts sorrows, and these will especially affect people after night-fall.

Swiftly flowing water, such as a rapid stream or a waterfall, is supposed to inspire all who linger near it with a longing to travel and to see the world.

Bridges are said to be connected with tears and disappointments, though they lead to happy endings. No one can say how this superstition arose, but it is extremely ancient.

The edge of a steep precipice or the top of a flight of steep steps is not considered a fortunate place at which to linger, as poverty will come to those who wait there long. If you have made the appointment for such a spot you should both be punctual, then all will be well.

Sands, or a stretch of sandy shore, is rather a good place to meet, for most things, but it may be taken as a sign that one of the two lovers will have to go away for a time.

The top of a hill is the best place for lovers' meetings, especially if no trees are near and the hill looks out on open country. All superstitions declare this is a spot for good luck.

WHEN YOU WRITE A LOVE LETTER

Be sure not to use any colored ink or pencil which may be unlucky to yourself or your sweetheart. It has been said that green or red ink is unlucky in every case, but that is not so. If green or red is the lucky color of the one to whom the letter is written, all will be well.

When your letter is written, sealed and addressed, if it should drop to the ground you may expect a disappointment concerning something mentioned in what you have written.

Never post a love letter on Christmas Day, the 1st of September, or February 29th. The 8th or the 17th of any month are also given as unlucky dates sometimes, but they will be all right if 8 is your lucky number or that of your sweetheart.

Never cross a letter—that is, first write a page full in the ordinary way, and then turn it to start writing along the margin.

If 2 or 3 is your lucky number it is better to put that number of stamps on your love letters.

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND'S NAME

A very old rhyme says:

*Change the name and not the letter,
Change for worse instead of better.*

On the other hand, it is said to be lucky not to change the name at all, but to marry a man of the same surname as yourself.

It has been said that an engaged girl should count the letters in her own surname, then those in that of her future husband, and if together they make thirteen, she may meet trouble at some period; but where the lucky number of either of the couple is four, nothing could be more fortunate than that thirteen.

GIFTS BETWEEN LOVERS

It is a very old belief that if a silver coin is broken in two, and sweethearts each keep one half, their love will live forever. They may be parted, but they will be true to each other notwithstanding. A lock of hair is not considered a fortunate gift, as a rule, but it is most lucky if given from one lover to the other, particularly if it is woven into the shape of a true lovers' knot.

Blue being the color sacred to love, a gift of anything blue is considered very fortunate.

HOW DO YOU WEAR YOUR SHOES?

This old rhyme tells how you may read the future from the soles of your old boots and shoes. If you wear them:

*Tip at the toe,
Sure to see woe;
Wear at the side,
Live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball,
Live to spend all;
Wear at the back,
Live to save a pack.*

READ YOUR FORTUNE IN THE TEACUP

(Concluded from last week)

Owl—An evil omen, indicative of sickness, poverty, disgrace, a warning against commencing any new enterprise. If the consultant be in love, he or she will be deceived.

Palm Tree—Good luck; success in any undertaking. A sign of children to a wife and of a speedy marriage to a maid.

Peacock—Denotes success and the acquisition of property; also a happy marriage.

Pear—Great wealth and improved social position; success in business, and to a woman a healthy husband.

Pig—Good and bad luck mixed; a faithful lover, but envious friends.

Pistol—Disaster.

Question Mark (?)—Doubt.

Rabbit—Fair success in a city or large town.

Ring—A sign of marriage; an initial letter indicates the name of the husband or wife.

Saw—Trouble brought about by strangers.

Scissors—Quarrels; illness; separation of lovers.

Serpent—Spiteful enemies; bad luck; illness.

Sheep—Success, prosperity.

Ship—A successful journey.

Spider—A sign of money coming to the consultant.

(Continued next week)

What?

would YOU say to the Stars?



Walter Hiers

"Any relation to the rootbeer people, Mr. Heirs?"



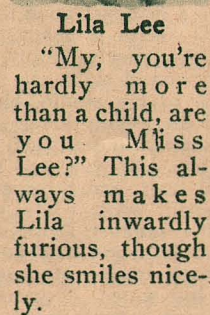
Wanda Hawley

"Why, you have dimples, haven't you? Funny I never noticed them on the screen."



Wallace Reid

"I think you're so handsome, Mr. Reid (giggles). Won't you give me your picture and write something on it special for me?"



Lila Lee

"My, you're hardly more than a child, are you Miss Lee?" This always makes Lila inwardly furious, though she smiles nicely.



Agnes Ayres

"I think you have the loveliest profile Miss Ayres—Grecian, isn't it? Though I don't suppose you have any Greek blood in you."



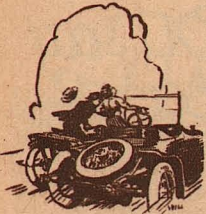
May McAvoy

"My dear, you're much taller on the screen, aren't you?"



A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry



"Good Lord, Petsie, what kind of a party do you think this is? If you girls aren't the limit! Did it ever occur to you to take a minute off

and listen when you're being told about the scene ahead? I told you what was comin' on first thing this morning. Have you any ears concealed under your hair, or haven't you?"

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Petsie patiently.

Tony Valentine might have given vent to his perfectly justifiable exasperation in a flood of lurid phrases. But Tony wasn't that kind of director. They aren't all like that. Patricia Peterson, commonly known as Petsie, might have cringed and sobbed, or she might have opened her exceedingly red lips and let out a stream of the sort of repartee which is known as givin' him back as good as he sends. But Petsie wasn't that kind of ingenue. They aren't all like that, either.

So Tony Valentine drew a long breath and began again:

"As I told you before, in plain, clear, painstaking English, which I supposed was your native tongue, this is a garden party. A garden party! Long Island garden! Afternoon! And you're the flapper sister. Flapper—f-l-a-p-p-e-r! And then you come rolling down here in a ball dress and jewels, looking like a last year's social success going hopefully to the Charity Ball! Now I ask you, is that your idea of the way a swell little kid who's supposed to know her way around, fixes up for her big sister's lawn party in the afternoon, on Long Island? If you never saw any good society didn't you ever even read about it?"

"I happened to be brought up in perfectly good society myself, Mr. Valentine!" Petsie's little chin was high in the air now, giving the effect of a remarkably perfect floral specimen tip-tilted on a slender stem.

"Well, then, why not give a demonstration of—oh well, what's the use!" With a shrug, he abandoned all hope and spoke, slowly, kindly, as one speaks to a small, very stupid child.

"Jim will take you back to the studio, right now, in the roadster. And the billion dollar star will wait, and the costly villain will wait, and all the seven dollar a day extras will wait, and the plutocratic cameraman will wait, and mine own unworthy, underpaid self will wait, while you put on a sweet, simple little summer frock and some low-heeled shoes and let your hair down in your neck, and come back ready for sister's party. And," consulting his watch, "beginning just thirty minutes from now, you're going to lose exactly five bones a minute for all the time we wait. That'll be all!"

The green roadster sang up the road toward the studio, at a speed that promised Petsie immunity from financial loss. Tony Valentine grinned after it. Lord, but it's good to have an excuse for restin' up a bit," he said, and dropped on the grass, where he was joined by the villain and the cameraman. "Nobody off," he lifted his head to yell at the extras who showed signs of scattering. So they dropped, too, wherever they were. To the casual eye, an exceedingly smart company of society folk had set down on the velvety turf of a shrubbery-encircled section of Prospect Park.

But the star, without even a glance toward the director, walked demurely away, all by herself, out of sight, around the biggest, thickest clump of shrubbery. The poet who sang about the fixity of the stars in their courses was not referring to motion picture stars. But the director didn't worry. He knew she would be back not later than the fifty-eighth second of the thirtieth minute of the time limit. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, that faithfulness to duty was one of the reasons why Doris Dalrymple was a star. The other reasons were easily visible to the naked eye.

FIRST INSTALMENT

On the other side of the shrubbery was a wide, smooth stretch of grass, and bordering that a well-kept gravel road. Doris walked straight across the grass and paused when she came to the road. There were two benches there. One faced east, straight toward the sun; the other looked westward into cool, shady vistas. But the second bench was occupied—as the best benches in the park have a way of being—by a man.

Doris looked at the man speculatively. He was young, and he had on a blue serge suit, and a soft shirt, and tan shoes. His black tie was knotted nicely and his hose were black silk, and the soft hat pulled well over his eyes was a very good hat—a Stetson probably. He had hair that waved a little, and a nice, tanned face and a firm chin, and he was worried about something. All this in one sweeping glance!

Doris sat down beside the man. He came out of his brown study and glanced toward her. Then his eyes grew wider and bluer, which was the usual thing with the eyes of men who looked toward Doris. His lips flew apart, as if speech would come tumbling out, then he remembered and closed them again so firmly and nicely that Doris felt sorry for him. So she smiled. And when Doris smiled her dimples came dancing out, and—well, there should be a law forbidding such dimples at large!

"If I sat on that bench," she said apologetically, "it'd hurt my eyes. Looking this way, you know. I hope you don't mind my sitting here."

"Not in the least. It doesn't hurt my eyes at all to look your way!"

"That's nice of you. It makes me feel so welcome! I can stay," consulting a ridiculous little watch set in a band of silver, "just twenty-four minutes."

"Twenty-four minutes! Think of that, now! What shall we do with them? What's important enough to talk about? It makes my head whirl to think of it—and while it whirls a minute has gone!"

"Of course the only really important things in life are our own troubles," said Doris. "And just now I haven't any. So suppose you tell me what you were worrying about."

"About myself," he confessed.

"Of course," smiled Doris.

"Why of course?" bristled the man.

"Because you're a man," said Doris calmly.

"Men do not worry about themselves exclusively. Many a man worries about a woman!"

"No. Only about his relation to her or her attitude toward him," declared Doris. "But here we are wasting time trying to be epigrammatic, and you haven't shared your secret sorrow with me. Is it a girl?"

"No, it isn't. Or at least it *wasn't*! It's a job—or the lack of one, rather."

"No doubt if you sit right still on this park bench a nice, kind job will come hunting you and coax you away with it," said Doris severely. "I always had to go looking for mine, though!"

"You!" His eyes took her in, amusedly. She was all brown and pale rose—a very decorative color scheme. The brown was her hair and her eyes, and the rose was her cheeks, her thin, crisp frock, covered with the tiniest ruffles from throat to hem, and the two long-stemmed Killarneys held by her girdle. Slowly his gaze travelled down to the tips of her little white slippers and rested there. They were kid, smooth and spotless. They never had walked to the park, nor come in the subway, he thought. Somewhere, back of that shrubbery from whence she had come, waited a car or a mother or a companion, or even a nursemaid. The immortal Juliet had a nurse.

"You look as if you'd worn out many a pair of shoes looking for jobs," he jeered. "Well, I've done nothing else for a month. And there are fifty thousand of me right here in little old New York, they tell me, and more coming back every week."

"You were overseas!" she exclaimed, a new note in her voice, but he stiffened and shrugged. "I was. But that's nothing to do with it. I'm looking for a job because a fellow naturally needs one, you know. Not because my country owes me one."

"Yes. But you *had* one before the war?"

"Naturally. But I can't go back to it. Don't want to. I'll starve first."

"Oh-oh!" She threw a laughing glance at his grim lips and smouldering eyes. "You must have been a burglar, or a house-wrecker, or—or—or a pirate!"

"Nothing half so good as any of them. They're man-size jobs. I was a chorus boy!"

"A chorus boy? Really?"

"Yes, really! Of course I had aspirations. Thought I was going to be a star—concerts, grand opera, all that sort of thing. I was doing the up-from-the-bottom stuff. Lord, think of it!"

At the utter disgust of his face and tone she melted into laughter, but no line of his face relaxed. "But if you really have a voice," she urged. "After all, a chorus job isn't a disgrace!"

"It is! It's—oh, well, there's no use trying to explain. But if you think a man who has gone through what we did over there, who has seen women and girls living and suffering the awful, unspeakable tortures we saw, can come back and doll himself up in white flannels and a red tie and prance around on a stage with a bunch of half-naked little fools, to amuse a lot of vulgar, decadent—"

He broke off, scowling down at her. Her head came just to his shoulder as they sat side by side on the park seat, and the sunshine dappled the dark hair with little flecks of bronze. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't usually chatter like a freshman. I've been boring you frightfully—and we had such a few minutes!"

"But I'm not bored. Only it seems too bad for you to waste your voice and your talent and your good looks," her eyes were studying him appraisingly. "After all, folks need amusement, you know. The world needs happiness!"

"Not so much as it needs food," grimly, "and houses to live in, and ships and railroads to carry the food where it is needed. I tell you I'm going to do some *real* work! Nobody has any right to think of amusement, now. Amusement! And I've picked twin babies out of the arms of a woman, dead in a roadside ditch, her breasts all withered away! Hundreds of them, thousands of them starving now, today! And you want me to stand on a stage and let a girl knock on my pleated shirtfront and sing:

*"When love comes knocking at my heart,
Tap! Tap!"*

I tell you folks have got to get down to producing the things the world needs!"

"You sound like a Herbert Hoover leaflet," she laughed. "And you make me feel very frivolous and useless. As if I ought to run home and bake a loaf of bread or something the world needs."

"The world needs beauty," he said. She had risen and he stood beside her, his blue eyes holding a little-boy wistfulness. "I feel better, now," he said, "just from looking at you. And you've been a patient listener. Thank you!"

"Good luck," she said, giving him a cool little hand. "I hope you find a regular cave-man sort of job. Then you'll marry a cave-lady and have a lot of cave-children and they'll grow up and desert the cave for a Greenwich Village, but you'll be too old then to care. Good-bye, Mr. Caveman. No, you mustn't walk with me, please. I have to run—and I'd be scolded."

"I understand," he said instantly. Once more the wistfulness looked out of his blue eyes. "Well,

(Continued on page 26)

How to Get Into the Movies

by
Mabel Normand

VI. Keep A Diary!

I'M going to chat about my hobby this time, because I think it is a valuable hobby.

I'm going to urge you to do something which your mothers probably have already urged you to do—keep a diary.

I suppose all of us have been presented with diaries when we were young. They are the inevitable Christmas or birthday gift. We usually start out well with them and wish that more space had been allotted to each day, as we have so much to say! Then pretty soon we wonder why so much space had been allotted when every day is just like the one preceding. And finally, along about the second month, we give it up.

Yet there must be value in diary-keeping, otherwise the darned books wouldn't have been invented and parents wouldn't be urging them upon their young.

A young scenario writer of my acquaintance always was toting a diary with her. And nearly every time I met her she would jot down something in her little book.

"Now what are you writing?" I would demand. "Oh, just jotting down what you said," she would reply. "You pulled a good line, and I may want to use it for a sub-title or something."

That gave me an idea. If a scenario writer can get ideas from everybody and everything, why not an actress?

Then, too, I read a great deal, and I like to remember what I read. In fact, I have a special contempt for people who can't remember what they read. It shows a lack of appreciation or concentration. And you need both if you are to be an artist or an educated human being.

When I go to see one of my pictures I take notes of what gets over and what fails to get the proper effect. Like a writer who reads his own work after it is printed in order to get a clear, fresh perspective on its value, a star needs to see her picture in a theatre in order to gauge its effect.

Since the memory is the treasury of the mind you should stock it well whether you are to be a motion picture actress or a good housewife. One of the best memory aids in the world is the notebook.

In speaking of a diary I do not mean the sort that foolish school girls keep and into which they pour their transient heart-burnings. A diary may be so impersonal that all might read it without learning anything concerning the keeper's private affairs.

It is a waste of time to keep one of those in which you say, "Went to lunch today with Sally, met Joe, got a crush, crazy about Dolly's new hat, going to copy it, etc., etc." That's nonsense.

But it is worth while setting down observations of books, plays, clothes, paintings, music and incidents that furnish you with ideas. A note-book is a means of self-expression. It disciplines the mind in formulating thought into concise and definite ideas.

An excellent model for a writer is Chekov's notebook, into which the great Russian writer

poured random impressions, phrases that occurred to him as vivid, experiences that suggested stories or mental images.

Because it is an actress' work to portray characters realistically it is necessary for her to observe all sorts of characters and to remember how they appeared.

When in New York I often go down in the tenement district of the East Side in order to see how the people live and work and act in that strange melting pot. I note the women gossiping at the corner, their manner of dress, their walk, their gestures. I note the woman selling fruit



The Author

and fish from a push cart, the way she attracts attention, the way she bargains and the way she arranges her goods. Perhaps I see a character that strikes me as funny, either in deportment or way of dressing. Perhaps I can copy her costume or some of her odd gestures at a later date, when I'm working in a picture. At least, they are worth remembering.

My costume for "Molly-O" is almost a duplicate of one worn by a girl I saw on the East Side; it appealed to me as a ludicrous yet pathetic attempt toward style, just the sort of dress which I later wanted for the characterization of "Molly-O."

It is very easy to originate funny clothes and manners for pictures, but unless they have their counterpart in life and seem natural they are only fit for burlesque. One may exaggerate so easily and spoil a character, for there is a very fine line between human comedy and slapstick burlesque.

You may wonder what all this has to do with

breaking into the movies.

As I said in a previous, chat, too few girls aim at any preparation for a career in pictures. They often decide to go into pictures because it looks easier than working! They think that all one needs to do is make pretty faces and dress fashionably. Those are the girls who drift about Hollywood for a year or two and then disappear or find the easy way of livelihood which they erroneously supposed that the movie offered.

I know a young man who came out here some time ago and broke in almost immediately. He happened to be good-looking, but that wasn't the reason the producer preferred him to actors of experience.

"He has breeding," said the director. "He doesn't have to act as a gentleman; he is a gentleman."

Old standards are rapidly giving way to new. The pretty face has been tried and found wanting. More and more is culture required, at least an education that embraces an understanding of people. Of a young girl who flashed for a moment into prominence and then disappeared, I heard a director remark:

"Yes, she is a beauty—but what a dumbbell!"

I don't pretend to claim that an actress must know scientific and algebraic formulas or other subjects of the higher education. I only say that she must have an alert, comprehending mind that can grasp the information which she requires and adapt it to her work.

Furthermore, a girl who is proficient in a number of things has alternatives in the event that she does not find herself suited to screen work.

I know a very charming young girl who appeared to have screen talent. She played a part in a Douglas Fairbanks picture, but did not photograph as well as had been expected. She might have struggled on and played more or less regularly in minor parts, but she very sensibly saw her own shortcomings and decided that her metier was not acting. She decided to write. She set about an intensive study of scenario writing and finally obtained a position at thirty dollars a week. Two years later she was receiving two hundred a week. I'm sure she derives far more satisfaction out of being a successful scenarioist than she would have derived from being a mediocre actress.

Keeping a diary is only a means of disciplining the eye and the mind.

If each night you sit down and record the most interesting observation of the day you will soon find that you are observing interesting things more closely and that you are retaining ideas and impressions more accurately.

At college a girl always carries a notebook to lectures. Why not carry a notebook, then, when you are attending the school of life? I do not mean that you must go about scribbling on a pad as though you were a sanitation inspector; just keep one at home and use it as a confessional at night. You may want to make some notes about Hollywood conditions, of which I shall chat in the next instalment.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES - - - Those Queer Lookers

IX

THOSE queer looking people in the movies don't just happen. The director doesn't walk out into the street and say to a bunch of people: "Here come on in. I want you to stand in a picture." No. Instead they are all hand-picked.

Characters are being picked more and more for "type." If a scene is laid on the desert a call is sent to an employment agency. The agency has listed with it hundreds of would-be actors of every class and description, from dwarfs to Texas giants. On a card is filed their name, descrip-

tion, age, experience, nationality, specialties and so on, while in folders are their pictures, sometimes "straight," and sometimes in makeup.

The agency goes over its list, telephones the people that seem to fit in and then sends word to the picture company that it will have forty Bedouins on the lot at nine o'clock in the morning. The casting director combs the bunch, the assistant director goes over them again and finally the director himself makes the final selections. Many of them are real Bedouins, for around a studio city live thousands of people from all parts of the world, from Eskimos to South Sea Islanders, ready to look a camera in the eye. They are

all "camera broke," so that when they are dying they will not up and rubber into the "box."

The scene, however, may call for a thousand Bedouins. The ten or twelve real ones are put in front, while people of other strange races and mixtures are made up to look like them. Finally the crowd is tapered off with ordinary every day supers in makeup. When the camera is trained on one of the real Egyptians with an unusual face the audience thinks that he was just accidentally picked out, when as a matter of fact that closeup had been planned from the first.

An Indian or Patagonian or Zulu with an unusual face can make a good living off it.

PERNARR MACFADDEN'S

IN my last week's article, I spoke at length on the subject of personal efficiency and normal weight. I mentioned several methods of securing bodily freedom and assuring yourself of a good night's rest, leading up to an all-round system of physical culture that will build one up to normal weight, especially as proven by the experience of the United States Army.

If you are devitalized and much emaciated, the exercises to be employed will be of a different type than those practised for the purpose of losing weight.

Reducing weight requires plenty of "endurance" exercise, particularly of the fast, light variety such as will consume or "burn up" fatty tissue.

On the other hand, the thin person usually lacks energy and cannot afford to expend much. He must conserve it. Therefore the ideal form of exercise to overcome emaciation is one that builds muscular tissue with the least expenditure of energy. One should improve the circulation and secure the general physiological benefits of exercise without exhausting herself. The ideal form of exercise for this purpose is the practice of stretching.

Stretching movements give one flexibility when applied to the torso. They stretch and bend the spine.



Fox Sunshine Girls

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

BEAUTY PAGES

They wake up the vital organs. They stretch, twist and massage the internal organs and generally give one most of the physiological benefits of exercise, everything except endurance.

We suggest the following as "stretching exercises," a few times each morning—not half-heartedly, but vigorously:

Clasp the hands behind the head, then bend backwards. Raise arms straight up, then lower. Raise the right arm up and bend to the side; repeat with left arm. Swing arms backward, then lower at sides. Legs spread, bend low, keeping the knees straight. Swing arms backward and raise left leg; repeat with right.

Next in importance, in gaining necessary weight, is food. A milk diet is excellent, but for those in business who may not find the exclusive milk diet convenient or possible, the use of milk in addition to ordinary foods is recommended. If you can use from two or three quarts of milk or buttermilk a day in addition to your regular meals, it will give you such a supply of nutrition that you simply cannot help but gain in weight and vitality.

The answer to this question of weight is that you can gain normal weight usually in a few months if you remember that it is not merely a question of food, but a question of establishing that condition of bodily vigor and health that will enable you first to relish and then to digest and assimilate your food.

*Fox
Sunshine
Girl*

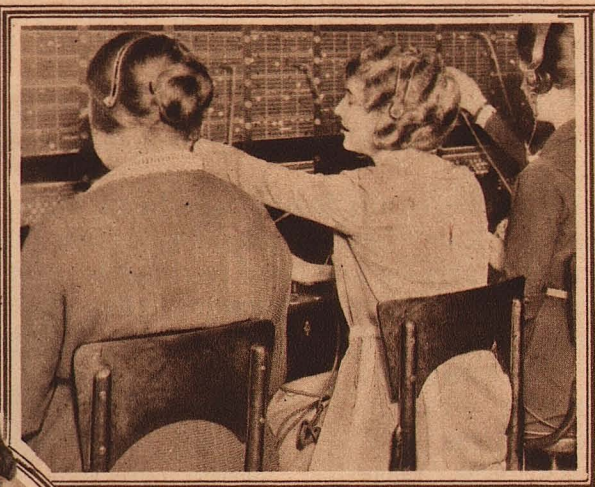
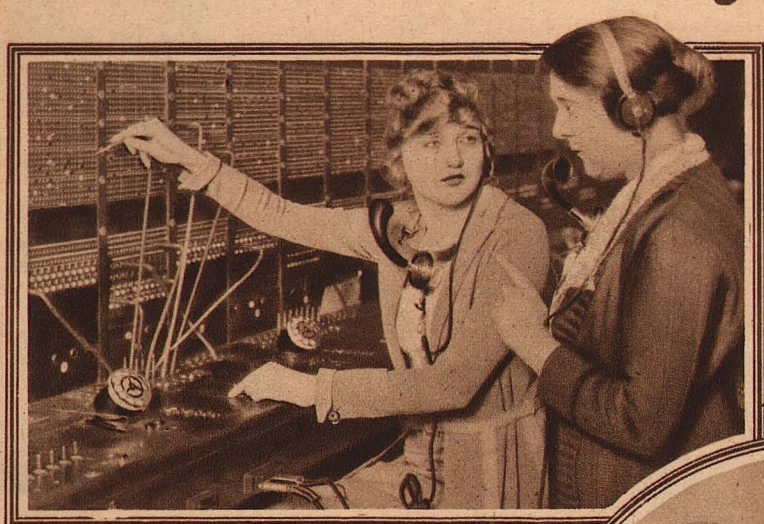


Ruth Roland

*Fox Sunshine
Girls*

*Mack Sennett
Bathing Girl*

The Thrilling Story of Agnes the Telephone Girl



A tragic moment in learning how to "plug in." Agnes clues our fair heroine will conquer yet—

Behold our plucky heroine getting ready to "plug in" a couple of Movie stars



Along comes Bebe Daniels after Wallie has told her about his 'phone experience and she goes about getting Agnes with willainous-mien..



Lordy, lordy just look at Wallie after the daring Agnes has told him what she thinks of him for cussing her because she gave him the wrong number five times—

And just take a slant at Walter Hiers' agonized face. Oh, Agnes how could you!

*but—
Agnes fools 'em all
She gets her "graduation papers," then returns to the Lasky Studio to play the operator in Tom DeMilles latest.*





Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog



Director Fitzmaurice Goes Shooting in Italy

H. B. Warner in New York

THAT tense, handsome hero of melodrama, H. B. Warner, has returned to New York to resume his stage work after an absence of some four years in the most thrilling realms of picture "mellers."

Warner recently closed a ten weeks' run as the star in Cosmo Hamilton's sex play, "Danger," and is now waiting for just the right kind of play before resuming his stage work.



H. B. Warner

We arranged to see Warner at his manager's, Carl Carlton's, offices. The appointment was for four-thirty. Having a woe-ful habit of arriving on time, Ye Rambler entered the elevator exactly on the minute. Much to our amaze, H. B. entered at the same time. We eyed him covetously. A strange kind of a star, ruminated we—the very idea of his being on time!

We followed him to the offices. The w. k. press agent was not around, so we introduced ourself. The delight of being on time was mutual. A good basis to begin on.

He's Awfully Happily Married

You may be interested to know that Warner is awfully happily married to a girl who was once an actress, but abandoned the histrionic art for the noble art of motherhood. Whereupon, H. B. brought forth his watch, opened a small locket hanging on its chain and proudly showed us a picture of his thirteen month old boy and five year girl.

The boy already has that humorous air that is such an outstanding characteristic in his father. Which may be imagination on our part, but we refuse to admit it. The girl is a jolly little one who promises to be a star some day in her own right. And his wife has about the most infectious smile we ever hope to see.

Enjoyed Pictures

"And how did you enjoy your picture work?" we fired.

Warner smiled—and when he smiles, his deep blue eyes soften to a laugh and his mouth responds in a companionable sort of way.

"I enjoyed the work," he decided. "But I won't." in answer to our next question, "I won't return to pictures until I get the right kind of offer. I went into them quite by accident," he explained.

"I was touring the country in a play which finally landed in Los Angeles. Thomas Ince came to see me after the performance and said he would like me to play in one of his pictures. Which I did. Then I played in several more and was eventually signed by Robertson-Cole. When that contract was up, I came back to New York, and here I am."

The Right Kind of Play

Warner believes that the play of the minute is the melodrama, with plenty of "meller" in it.

There's an old-timer running on Broadway now, called "Bull Dog Drummond." Warner was offered the title role, but declined it. It has been offered to him since, but each time he has refused it. Despite this, however, we judge from what he told us that he will not open again in other than a melodrama.

He confesses that "Danger" was not the play for him, but it read, he said, much better in manuscript form than it did at rehearsals. It was something of a surprise to him that it ran ten weeks on Broadway. "It ran just ten weeks longer than I thought it would," he smiled.

The Cursed 'Phone

At this minute the 'phone rang. Business of making an immediate appointment and hanging up. "That's my wife," he explained. "I'm going to help her buy some hats." And then in that whimsical, humorous way of his, he quaintly said: "I usually call my wife, Mother."



George Fitzmaurice in action.
Arthur Miller is behind the camera.

Which gives you a deep insight into the fine, clean, virile character that is H. B. Warner's.

Welcome Back to Fitzmaurice

FRESH from several months of active picture production in London and on the Continent, George Fitzmaurice, featured Paramount director, returns to New York and to Hollywood where he begins work immediately on another special.

We rambled over to Famous Players' New York office to see Fitzmaurice before he left for an indefinite stay on the Coast. It occurred to us that perhaps our "rambler fans" would be interested in how pictures are made on the other side and what is really like, when a director is far, far from home.

"Our business methods are different from those on the other side," said Director Fitzmaurice with an expressive shrug. All of which explains a great deal. "We snap things up, over here. They take plenty of time on the other side.

Shooting in Italy

"I went to Italy to complete my last picture, 'The Man From Home,'" he continued, "and expected to stay there only four weeks at the most. I remained eight. And if my wife (Ouida Bergere, the clever writer who adapts his specials for the screen), had not been with me, I may have been there yet!

"In the first place, we arrived in Rome after that city had had seven months of sunshiny weather. Of course, as soon as we were ready to shoot, it commenced to rain. And it didn't stop for weeks."

Vesuvius Washed Good

Fitzmaurice said it rained so hard and so steadily that Vesuvius, Italy's champion lava shooter, was rid of a goodly supply of lava.

"The streets," recounted Director Fitz, "were covered with some fourteen feet of lava. In some places it was piled as high as the second story windows of houses. The people were kept busy making the streets traversable.

The German and the Villa

SOMETIMES," he narrated, "it is difficult for American producers to get the necessary co-operation from the local officials to take pictures in the selected locales. I was fortunate in having several friends in Rome who were of invaluable assistance to me.

"I wanted to take some scenes at former Kaiser Wilhelm's beautiful villa," chuckled Fitzmaurice, as the story came to him in all its humorous detail. "I received written permission from the Minister of Fine Arts, but when we arrived at the villa, the German in charge flatly refused to permit us to enter.

"I reported the situation to the Minister, who countered by making another appointment the next day at the villa.

"Well, we were there at the designated hour. To my amazement, there was a group of cavalymen waiting for us. We went in. The German was bundled out with all his belongings and I shot my scenes amidst beautiful surroundings. I was happy; the Italians were happy, for was not the German exiled? Perhaps they had been biding their time for just such a situation to arise, before using force to evoke the German."

Ouida Bergere— Director

Ouida Bergere proved her directorial ability anew when she came to her husband-director's assistance by directing Camera-man Arthur Miller and several players in numerous scenes while Fitzmaurice was busy taking other scenes in another part of the country. In this way, the most was made of the lull in the rainy weather.

"But," Fitzmaurice confessed, "it is good to be home again." And again that expressive shrug.



Ouida Bergere

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES



THOMAS MEIGHAN

Strauss-Peyton Studios



Bucking into the Movies



EDITOR'S NOTE: Sophie Potts has returned to "Movie Weekly," following a temperamental departure from the silver sheet and a tempestuous absence from the realm of the portable typewriter. Ye Editor sent out trailers and detectives and all the usual "hunt-'em-up" things necessary to excavate a lost celebrity, but reports continued to disappoint. No discovery of Sophie Potts.

Finally, without any warning whatsoever, Sophie Potts sends us the following missive. She gives no explanation for her long silence. She just pops up with the same impudence with which she disappeared—the same swagger, cheery, nonchalant individual.

We were so happy to hear from the happy-go-lucky one that we find no harsh words in our heart to sling in her direction. It is welcome back to "Movie Weekly," Sophie Potts. Do our readers join with us?

If you have any questions to ask about the movies, send them to Sophie Potts, c-o the Editor. She'll answer them in her weekly article. At least we suppose she will. We hesitate to say positively, for you know how these temperamental "celebs" conduct themselves now and then.

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 13th insipid received and read with the usual interest, and was glad to hear that, inspired by "The Sheik," Tad Faubion and the Maple twins had run away from home the next morning and headed for Arabia, planning to go via Louisville and Lake Erie. I admit that if they continue heading in the general direction they started, they are far more liable



We didn't have much to do except sitting around little tables and consuming near beer.

to land at the North Pole than in Arabia, but still it's the spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," as Hamlet so aptly remarked to Queen Victoria at the signing of the Magna Charta. Anyway, utterly regardless of whether they land in Arabia or Patagonia, Hog Run can't help but be improved about fifty per cent by their departure.

Well, maw, I added still another nationality to my long list of screen portrayals today, and acted the part of a female Parisian. Honest, folks, if I have to portray many more different nationalities for the so-called flickering camera, it won't be long before I'll begin to feel more like an illustrated Atlas than a movie actress.

The picture today was one which Mr. Lasky was making, with the help of me and Betty Compson and a few other lesser artists, and was originally called "The Noose." But I guess the title must of aroused unpleasant memories in the minds of some of the members of the cast who had had horse-stealing ancestors who had died of acute sore throat, or something, because it wasn't very long before they re-christened the piece "The Green Temptation." Which same is an ideal movie title, inasmuch as it has nothing whatever to do with the story, and wouldn't mean anything if it did.

Well, anyway, me and a flock of murderous looking hombres and wild women was supposed to play the part of Parisian Apaches. This isn't the kind of Apache, Maw, which specializes in war-whoops, feather bonnets and close hair-cuts, but is a European variety whose tastes incline toward milder pastimes, such as arson, murder and grand larceny. They are known as inhabitants of the underworld, because their usual habitat is that portion of the home originally made famous by Mr. Volstead.

There was a flock of about thirty of us altogether and, judging from the variegated hues of our costumes, I would say at a guess that the rainbow must be the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men wore a three-days' crop of whiskers, jersey sweaters, red sashes around the waist, and neckties and pants

which would of driven an Alabama negro delirious with envy. The women, including me and Betty Compson, sported jerseys also, and was conspicuous in addition for wearing wild facial expressions and lop-sided Tam-o-shanters. Honest, maw, beside of our happy little gathering, a weekly meeting of the Associated Anarchists and Affiliated Thugs of the World would of looked like a highly respectable Sunday School picnic in comparison.

We didn't have much to do all morning except to sit around at little tables, looking hard-boiled and consuming near-beer on a wholesale scale, which, as far as I can make out, is the sole occupation of Apaches. And if it is, I don't wonder that their morals is supposed to be conspicuous largely for their absence. Because after I'd consigned about the tenth glass of near-beer to a protesting interior at the director's urgent request, I began to feel very strong criminal instincts developing myself.

But, immediately after lunch, the action started. It began when the director called for a couple of volunteers to stage an Apache Dance in the aisle between the tables. A big, hard-boiled looking hombre who looked like he should of either been in the Marines or juggling pianos for a living, volunteered for the male portion of the act. And then I managed to get myself elected as the other combatant, knowing as much about the technique of an Apache Dance as an orang-outang does about the Solar System, but being willing to take a chance at anything once.

We got away to a bum start. Not being able to think of anything else at the moment, I took a desperate chance and emulated the Apache customs as delineated by "Bowie Bill's Greater Wild West and Dog and Pony Shows," when they played in Hog Run last summer. Which same consisted of me kinda crouching over and stamping in a circle around and trying to hit myself in the chin with my knees at my partner, letting out a war-whoop at every step, each whoop. But, judging from the quality of the director's remarks, I must of had the wrong idea.

"Nix on the squaw stuff!" he yelled. "This is supposed to be Paris, not Arizona! Your partner knows what I want done. Let him do all the work!"

So I did, and believe me, maw, he did! The only difference between what ensued immediately thereafter and a first class prize-fight was that there wasn't any breathing space between rounds, and nothing was barred except biting in the clinches. He opened hostilities right off the bat by clamping a stranglehold on my neck with both hands and doing his level best to choke me to death. I indignantly retaliated by kicking him violently in the shins. Which must of made him mad or something, because he promptly picked me up and threw me bodily over a couple of nearby tables, after which I made a neat billiard off a stone wall and hit the floor. Then, when I tried to get up, he repeated the stunt very enthusiastically, only this time I missed the stone wall and one of the tables on my way to the floor. I tried to assume an upright position again, but with the same results. Honest, maw, of the next five minutes, I spent three on the floor, and two in the air en route. Finally, I got disgusted at the bird's persistency, and refused to play any more.

"What's the idea?" yelled the director, when I declined to come up for any more punishment. "Why don't you go on with the dance?"

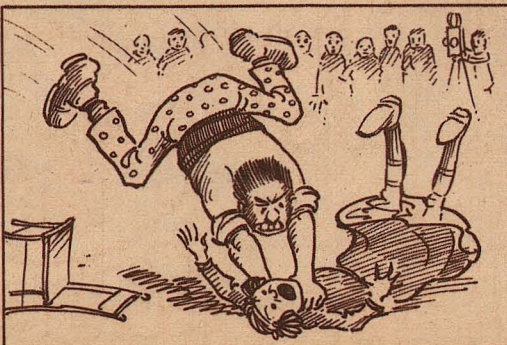
"Dance, me eye!" I retorted. "If that big pile-driver still craves a dancing partner, get Dempsey to play with him! I'm through!"

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if the melee I went through is merely the idea which inhabitants of France have of a "dance," then no wonder W. Hohenzollern stopped with such painful suddenness when he hit the Marne that time.

Your loving daughter resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS.

VIA HAL WELLS.



Clamping a strangle hold on my neck and doing his level best to choke me to death.

The Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

told Mr. Griffith so, with the result that he used it, although I did not want to receive screen credit for that little bit. Dorothy was just on the fringe of the picture.

"Then came an experience which I shall never forget and which was worth more to me than any other in my life. Mr. Griffith wanted to make a war picture and the British and French Governments were perfectly willing to assist him, for they were in the midst of a recruiting campaign and needed propaganda.

"Mr. Griffith came to me and asked me if I would be willing to play the leading role. I didn't know whether I could carry it, for, as you know, the other pictures were all group stories. 'The Birth of a Nation' dealt with the Cameron family; 'Intolerance' dealt with four different groups, but 'Hearts of the World' was about a girl.

"We talked over the proposition with mamma and decided to go to Europe with Mr. Griffith. We were over there six months, part of the time in London and part of the time in France behind the lines, around Compiègne. The worst part of our experience was in London. Our hotel was next door to another hotel in which the Air Defense was located. The adjacent building was the center of London's protection against Zeppelins and other German aeroplane assailants, and whenever the Germans came flying over London the anti-aircraft guns would go off and rock our building as well.

"Moreover, it was during the blackest part of the war that we stayed in London. The streets were filled with horribly wounded men and it was nerve-racking, especially to mamma, even to walk down the streets and to see those poor, mutilated soldiers. Air raids were frequent. Bombs fell very near to us, and we were in a continual condition of suspense.

"But we were able to learn how to portray such emotions as we shall never again have the opportunity to observe. Theretofore we had been acting with repression, doing scenes quietly, but we learned over there that in real life people are not accustomed to repressing the great emotions that surge over them. When a German bomb struck the schoolhouse in Whitechapel, killing nearly a hundred children, we were on the scene half an hour after the explosion. We saw the poor mothers searching for their children, their hysteria and terrible grief, and we learned what mother love really is at that time.

"Then we went to France.

"The best part of our experience was that we saw the war closeup. That experience hurt mamma most of all. She has never been well since that time and her present illness is more or less due to shell shock from the concussion of the guns in the building next to our London hotel. If it weren't for her illness, I would say that my experience over there was worth fifty years of life, and that if I should live to be a hundred in this country I should never acquire what I acquired during those months in England and France. I learned what modern war is like, and realized the spirit behind it.

"We made eighty-six reels of negative in France, and returned to the United States to make interiors. We had enough film for 'Hearts of the World,' and for two other program features which Mr. Griffith made subsequently. 'Hearts of the World' was, of course, a tremendous success, because it was the first picture in which the actual war and not a studio make-believe was used as a background. It gave Dorothy her first genuine opportunity in a big role and was the first picture in which I tried to carry the theme of the story myself. It also assisted in giving Dorothy her reputation as a comedienne, although we both think she is far better suited to dramatic roles and that her work in comedy has been solely due to the fact that that is the medium in which she has most often appeared."

The third article of this story will deal with the making of "Broken Blossoms"; with Lillian Gish's direction of her sister, Dorothy, in "Remodeling a Husband"; with the making of the thrilling ice scenes in "Way Down East," and the co-starring roles the two sisters play in "Orphans of the Storm," as well as with some of their ideas on present day picture problems.

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

GOODNESS, but that Oriental I gave my order to certainly has a face like a hot-water bag!"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled cosily among the silken cushions in the Oriental tea-garden, and handed me a handle-less cup of tea.

"What about the movies?" I asked. "Working?"

"Goodness, yes! Things are picking up like everything. I suppose those tiresome men back in Wall Street have decided to capitalize the companies, or whatever it is they do. Perfectly poisonous of them, holding out, I think, don't you? When so many of us need limousines and things!"

"Which reminds me that some perfectly lamb person has started King Vidor going again. I'm so glad. He's just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they are the most monotonously angelic couple in the film colony! Not a breath about either of them, ever. Both are such hard workers, I suppose is maybe one reason.

"Ever hear how they came to California? Well, they came in a Ford! Yes, sir, all the way. I think Henry Ford ought to know about that. Maybe he'd give 'em something—a couple of Fords, perhaps. They used to buy vegetables and meat, and camp out along the way. They got into a bad storm up in the Nevada mountains, and had to camp in the school house. Another time their Ford got stuck at the foot of a mountain and they had to push it to the top. But it's a regular ad for the Ford that they could push it, isn't it—one way you look at it?"

"Speaking of the mountains reminds me. Ruth Roland is up at Truckee with her company, and everyone of them except herself, is sick with the flu. It's awful in those little cabins where they live, they say, and Ruthie is acting as nurse.

"Here, waiter, a little hot water! They think we can just drink the demon tea as strong as prohibition whiskey, don't they?"

Irma paused to sip her tea to see if it was of the right strength and sweetness, and went on:

"What luck some girls do have with their husbands! Take Billie Rhodes, now. Poor Mr. Parsons passed away, but like a lamb person he left her a lot of money. I don't know whether she still has it or not. She was married a second time, but now she's divorced, and is going back to work in pictures. She was never a wild success, but maybe all her sufferings have made her a better actress, the way they say, but dear me, who wants to have a poisonous time just for that, when you can be an ingenue, if having good teeth and hair, and never have any troubles at all.

"How vampires have decreased in value, haven't they? And they don't come with tiger skins any more, either. Take 'A Fool There Was,' for instance, which Fox is going to make over again. The office was just crowded with vampires, the other day when I went over there. You could get any kind of plain or fancy vamp you wanted

at a reasonable rate. Fox took a long time to decide. Finally they selected Estelle Taylor. Which reminds me:

"George Walsh and Seena Owen aren't divorced after all, though they haven't lived together for four years, and everybody thought that they were, and that George was going to marry Estelle. Now he says that Miss Taylor is just his leading lady, that's all.

"I'm just as glad as I can be about Alice Lake. She's so clever! When Metro slowed down, she had an invitation from Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe Arbuckle's, but who has gone to Honolulu, to visit her there. But Alice decided she must stick to her profession while she's young, so she stayed in Los Angeles. She has just been signed by Eddie Carewe to play a lead in his picture.

"Everybody is wondering and wondering what Mary Miles Minter is going to do. Her contract is up in June, with Realart, and they do say that Miss Minter expects to leave. She has been feeling terrible, of course, over the death of William D. Taylor, and it seems likely that she may not work any more at all under her contract. She was given two months' vacation just before the murder, but heaven knows she never expected to

spend it in mourning for a dear friend! But such is life, as the pollywog said when he turned into a leaping frog.

"Who do you think is the latest star? Bull Montana! Bull is going to be starred in two-reel comedies. Of course I don't exactly know him socially, but now that he's a star I think one might cultivate him, don't you?"

"Oh, the funniest bit of news! Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are at outs! The reason is because Marjorie has been all taken up lately with Dana Todd. Dana Todd used to be ever so attentive to Elinor Glyn, you know, but I hear that Marjorie has taken him away from her. Elinor just can't see a man over thirty, you know.

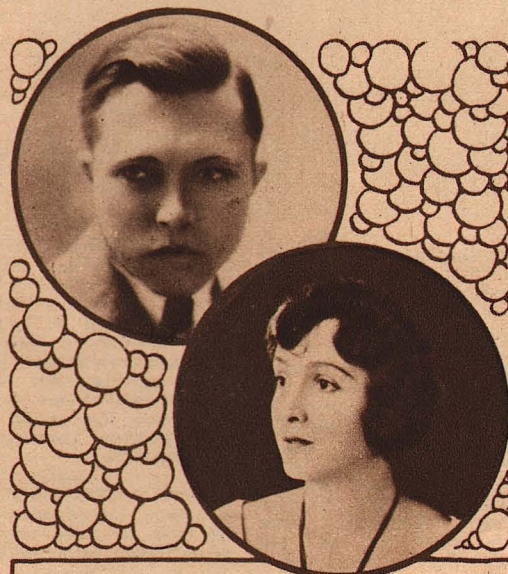
"And Helen Ferguson is all at outs with the high brows! It's very funny. You know Helen is such a genuine girl. She just can't stand these people who talk as if they had adenoids both inside their noses and higher up in their heads. She got among a bunch of them the other evening. They were all talking in excited tones about a new book called 'The Career of an Egg.' 'Oh,' exclaimed Helen in wide-eyed innocence, 'I suppose that must be a sequel to White's Cook Book—a Thousand Ways to Cook an Egg!' They all looked at her in astonishment. Then they got her. And nobody spoke to her for the rest of the evening, but they veered off into a discussion of 'If Winter Comes.'

"And speaking of quick come-backs, Eddie Sutherland's latest deserves a little framing. Eddie was standing talking to Agnes Ayres, the other day on the set, when along came a young lady writer. Miss Ayres introduced Eddie to the lady. 'The two most charming people in the world!' she ended. Eddie stepped back a second, and took the two ladies in with his glance. 'I agree with you!' he said gallantly.

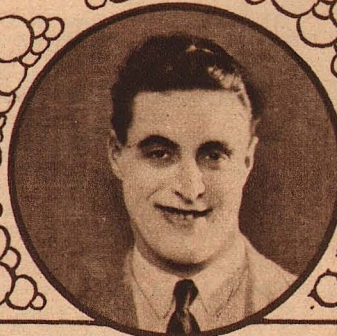
"Poor Eddie! He couldn't go down to the train to meet May McAvoy, the day she came home from New York to Hollywood! In fact, talk about the irony of fate—that was Eddie's second name. You know he adores Miss McAvoy, and the only reason they aren't engaged—sh! don't say I told you—is because Eddie is so honorable he doesn't feel he has a right to be until he becomes a star, too—where was I? Oh, yes, the irony-of-fate stuff! Just as Miss McAvoy was alighting from the train at 2:45 p. m., at that very second, Eddie was ardently kissing Agnes Ayres.

"Going so soon? Well, I think I'll go, too. Have to go and look for some new clothes for Aggie. Who's Aggie? Why, she's the girl I play in my next picture. So long! You're a perfect pet lamb person to listen to me so long!"

And Irma, the Ingenue, glode out to her limousine and rolled away, waving good-bye to me.



"Which reminds me that King Vidor has just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they are the most monotonously angelic couple in the film colony!"



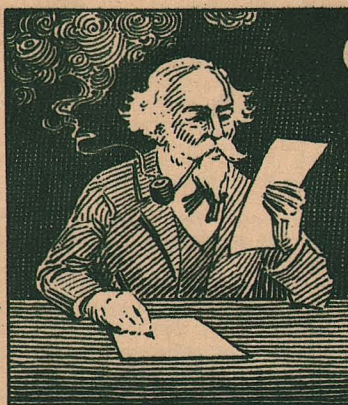
"So George Walsh and Seena Owen aren't divorced after all, though they haven't lived together for four years, and everybody thought that they were, and that George was going to marry Estelle Taylor. Now he says Miss Taylor is just his leading lady."



"Ruth Roland is up at Truckee with her company, and everyone of them except herself is sick with the flu. It's awful in those little cabins where they live, they say, and Ruthie is acting as a nurse."



"Everybody is wondering what Mary Miles Minter is going to do. Her contract is up in June and they do say that Miss Minter expects to leave."



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



In spite of all my protests, I still get letters every day asking for answers in the next issue. Pity the poor old Colonel getting at least two hundred letters a week to be answered in the magazine, when there isn't room for more than thirty. If you're in a hurry, I'm always glad to send you a prompt reply by mail; if you must see your answer in the magazine, remember that it takes a month at least, probably two.

TUBY—Get ready to think, you warn me. Now really, that isn't a bit flattering. Do you imagine that I have to stand on my head or go through some elaborate performance before I can think? Yes, Dick Headrick is a very pretty child. His parents are not in the movies to my knowledge. Wallace Reid's hobby is swimming and making noises on musical instruments. I have a neighbor who does that, too, but I hope Wallie can really play. The little girl who travelled with Doug and Mary is Mary Rupp, Lottie Pickford's daughter, named after her famous aunt.

L. F.—Rodolph again! Well, it's all in my day's work, I suppose. His hobbies are horseback riding and dancing. He has been in movies about four years; he will next appear in "Beyond the Rocks."

BETTY—If you wrote to Constance Talmadge, her secretary would probably answer your letter. Connie has to take time off to eat and sleep. Constance Binney is five feet two; her age—ah ha, now that's the puzzle! She is Mrs. George Webb. Betty Blythe is five feet eight, and Clara Kimball Young two inches shorter. The latter's address is 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Bebe is still in movies; she and Rodolph and May McAvoy are to make a picture together, "Blood and Sand."

RED HEAD—Ah, I do love red hair. But I hope yours is natural. Bertram Grassby played the villain in "A Parisian Scandal." Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire, Los Angeles. The only address John Walker gives is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

CURLY—If it's your hair that's curly, I suppose all the girls envy you. Eddie Hearn played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow." Eddie Polo has not announced his next serial.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Are you the same "Anxious to Know" who wrote me last week? And the worst of it is, you'll have to stay anxious, as I don't know what Tyrone Power has been doing since "Dream Street" nor where you can reach him just now.

BLUE EYED SUSAN and **SWEET SIXTEEN**—What are you trying to do, have me guess the answers to your contest? No fair, girls!

M. L.—Ah ha, I see you like pink stationery! Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. He has a daughter, Thomasina, six weeks old. His hobbies are riding and writing. He is now at work on "Free Range Lanning."

EDITH MAE—And you want me to get Wallace Reid to come to Detroit. If I told him where to go, he'd probably tell me where to go, and I might not want to go there. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Richard Dix has brown hair and eyes. Send to Richard for his photo at Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. I suppose you saw Rodolph's picture in the March 4th issue; Wallie's will probably be in soon. We also published it last June 11th.

CANADIAN MAID—Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I answer letters, "first come, first served." "Movie Weekly" has stopped publishing poems for the present. Your poem was very good. Thomas Meighan's picture was in the centre of our issue of April 30, 1921, and Gloria's in the January 7th number of this year. Joseph Schildkraut played in "Orphans of the Storm"; we have never published his picture. Yes, I have seen quite a few of the stars in person. I don't know whether your favorites will accept Canadian money or not. Won't your bank change it for you? Or can't you send a money order?

SUNSHINE SMILES—What a lovely signature to read on a cloudy day. You bet I rest at night when I go to bed, if the man next door doesn't play his saxophone too late. Theda Bara is going to make movies again; aren't you glad? She has made none since "The Lure of Ambition." Mary Pickford is 28; William S. Hart is between forty and sixty, nobody knows exactly. Rodolph is Italian and Eddie Polo was born in Frisco of Italian parents. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joe Kaufman. Jean Acker is a brunette with hazel eyes and Gloria Swanson has almost-black hair and blue eyes.

P. D. Q. HARRIGAN—So you think that Larry Semon has good taste in selecting Lucille Carlyle as his leading lady. He will be glad you think so, because she is to be his leading lady for life. Yes, really, not really. Her picture has never appeared in "Movie Weekly"; I'm sorry I have no personal description of her. I suppose you saw the announcement of the winners of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th.

DEARIE—Yes, my dreams are happy, thank you; in them no one asks me if Rodolph is really good-looking. Raymond McKee does not give his age. June Elvidge was on the stage for awhile, but now she is back in movies and will be seen in "Beyond the Rocks," in which Gloria and Rodolph are the stars. I don't know much about Louise Lorraine; you can reach her at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

G. E. DUNLOP—No, G. E., the boy in "Exit the Vamp" is not Ethel Clayton's son, but Mickey Moore. Ethel is going to take a look at Europe, now that her Lasky contract has expired.

MABEL—You are modest, Mabel, wondering if you ask too much. You ought to see some of the lists of questions I get. Bebe Daniels and Gloria can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Neither gives her home address.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FAN—Do try not to take things so seriously. If everybody who wants to get into the movies broke his heart over it, there'd be no one left to laugh at Charlie Chaplin. Eddie Polo was born in San Francisco, of Italian parents. Art Acord is 32; I don't know where you can write him, unless they would forward his mail from the Universal Studio at Universal City.

HELEN TALMAGE—You ask me for a lot of addresses, so I'll ask you for one—yours. Suppose we exchange information by letter?

E. A. G.—Wesley Barry is about fifteen and has been in movies five or six years. He lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

FLORENCE COOK—I don't know why you do not hear more of Lloyd Hughes; he will soon be seen in "The Brotherhood of Hate," a Thomas H. Ince feature.

RED VAMP—So you saved the other half of the paper for next time; with such a frugal nature, you'll be rich some day. Maybe Pola Negri would not like to be called a "vamp." Yes, she has had rather an assortment of husbands. Don't you mean Wallace Beery rather than Beers? He lives at 1346 Harper Ave., Los Angeles.

MISS IMA GIRL—I'd know you were a girl by your pinkish-lavender stationery. Wanda Hawley is 5 feet 3, weighs 110, and has blond hair and grayish-blue eyes. She is Mrs. Burton Hawley; her maiden name was Pettit. Her latest release is "Too Much Wife"; her next will be "The Woman That Walked Alone." You bet I like your way of asking questions.

FRANKIE—"It's me," you say (ungrammatically, Frankie). The Chinaman in "Dream Street" was played by Edward Piel. Madge Bellamy was the leading lady in "The Call of the North."

ROSEMARY—I appreciate your thoughtfulness in telling me to take my time; some of my readers are not so considerate. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles, and Charles Ray's address is 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles. Vivian Martin is now playing at the Nora Bayes Theatre, 44th St., New York, where you can write her. Hallam Cooley played opposite Doris May in "The Foolish Age." Viola Dana is three years older than Shirley. No, I don't think Charlie Chaplin has to worry over any rivalry. Write me again some time.

FRENCHY—Are you really? Yes, Charlie Chaplin is still making pictures; his next one will be "Pay Day"—but I suppose all his movies mean pay day for him. Write him at 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, I'm afraid his secretary answers his mail; Charlie has to have some time to sleep, you know. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He was the leading man in "Molly-O."

E. T. NORRIS—Hope Hampton is quite a popular star, with her own company, releasing pictures through First National. Address her at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Her latest pictures are "Star Dust" and "The Light in the Dark."

MAE JUNE—Of course I won't let you look in vain for your answer, unless you looked too soon. Yes, Belle Bennett was in several pictures during 1918-19. One of them was "The Mayor of Filbert." Ann Pennington was on the screen for a short while, I believe.

MOHEA—The Wallie Reids have only one child, Bill, who is four. I believe Dorothy Davenport is a brunette. No, the stork doesn't include Pickfair in his plans.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—I see you've been reading Dickens! Ben Wilson is a producer now and Neva Gerber is starring in some of his productions. Grace Cunard is making two reels. I haven't heard of Kathleen Clifford lately. I don't agree with you about Doug and Mary; they are still among my favorites.

K. LANAGAN—Gail Kane has not been making pictures lately; she is on the stage. I don't know what Arline Pretty has been doing since she appeared in "Life." I think you are mistaken in saying that Maxine Elliot played in some of Mae Marsh's pictures. Maxine is a bigger star than Mae is.



Film Flam



His Acting Seemed Real

JAMES KIRKWOOD always knew that Jose Ruben was a good actor, and now he is surer of it than ever. The only trouble is, Jose is a little too good.

Suspected of his wife's murder in the story, "The Man From Home," Jose, half demented with fear and grief, throws himself on the protection of James Kirkwood, in the title role. Jose's acting is nothing if not thorough, and Kirkwood almost wondered whether Ruben didn't have a real life grudge against him.

After the scene was over, Kirkwood quietly approached Director George Fitzmaurice, and asked if he wanted a retake.

"Because if you do," he said casually, "we'll have to adjourn for repairs. Ruben has torn every button off my coat and nearly fractured his knee-cap. And I need a little time to get into the proper frame of mind. He gave me such a shake-up that I began to think I'd done the murder myself."

No Peroxide Needed

At the Paramount West Coast studio they had a blonde day not long ago. First came Dorothy Dalton wearing a blonde wig for her part in "The Woman That Walked Alone." Then with her was Wanda Hawley, a decided blonde. Agnes Ayres was ready for "The Ordeal," so her golden hair appeared on the lot. Edna Murphy, with her pale tresses, was present also for her part in the same picture.

"Well," said one of the cameramen, "I couldn't sell peroxide to any of this crowd. They don't need it."

An Inspiration From Volstead

Allan Meyers is one man who has a good word to say for Volstead. For the Volstead law gave Allan an idea. Mr. Meyers, you see, makes his living by distributing advertising leaflets among apartment houses and homes.

Now he has a new method of making his wares dramatic. He waits until he is in a conspicuous place where lots of people are hurrying about. Then he begins to look about cautiously and take hasty but stealthy steps.

Suddenly a shout. Meyers halts. "Open that suitcase," demands a plain-clothes man. "Let's see if you've got hooch in it."

Meyers pleads; he appeals to the crowd. As the people surge closer to see the excitement, the suitcase is opened. Out flutter innumerable heralds for "Orphans of the Storm."

An Argument for Bobbed Hair

Mlle. Andree Peyre, the French aviatrix who is playing a society girl in Reginald Denny's "The Leather Pushers," was observed in close study of the newspaper.

Suddenly she jumped up as if a great thought had struck her.

"Monsieur Denny," she exclaimed, "it say in ze papair how a lady is combing her hair, when she reach back and break her neck. Where is the nearest coiffeuse, Monsieur? My hair shall be Robert—what you call 'bobbed.'"

Pipe This

"Keep this for me," said Mrs. Frank Borzage to her husband, the director. She handed him a dainty handkerchief, all perfumed and lacey, to put in his pocket.

Hubby carelessly dropped the hanky into his pocket—the same one in which was his tobacco. An hour later he decided to have a smoke.

"Huh," said the man beside him, sniffing suspiciously, "don't tell me you smoke a perfumed pipe!"



"The love dance of the mops," explain Lon Chaney and Wallace Beery. Millinery by the Goldwyn gardner

No Joking Matter!

Forrest Halsey, the author and photoplaywright, is a regular joke book when it comes to prohibition wheezes.

"Hello, Forrest," Ernest Hilliard, the heavy, greeted him one day. "I was just telling my wife some of your prohibition jokes."

"Jokes," said Forrest. "I wouldn't call 'em jokes. There's no joke about prohibition. I may have made a few apt observations on the subject, but it's too serious to joke about. The bootleggers take all the humor out of it."

A Pretty Good Lesson

Grandfather and Little Robert, aged six, laughed together over the antics of the comic creatures in Aesop's Film Fables. Grandfather thought he would see how well Robert could perceive the moral of the picture.

"What is the lesson for good which we can learn from the busy bee, Robert?" he asked.

Robert thought a moment. "Not to get stung," was his triumphant answer.

A Homely Adage

H. M. Walker, who wrote the sub-titles for Snub Pollard's comedy, "Light Showers," had a lot of fun putting his wits to work. The caption for one scene is this:

"Call the real estate agent; I want to see if he remembers his relatives, the James brothers."

Passing a house one night, Mr. Walker heard someone singing "Home Sweet Home." That gave him an idea for a sub-title, so he reached for his little notebook and wrote:

"Be it ever so shrunken, there's no place like home."

The Last Word in Adventure

Ruth Roland always used to love the water, but for awhile during the making of "The Timber Queen," Ruth felt she didn't care if she never saw any water again.

"During the past few months," she explained, "I've been hurled into most of the rivers and lakes, and even into the good old Pacific. If I'm to be drowned any more in this picture, there is nothing left but for them to find a location in some good old roomy sewer."

Can You Beat It?

After a strenuous evening doing scenes with three ferocious lions, Ruth Roland arrived home tired but happy. Her luck was wonderful; in all her dangerous stunts, she never received even a scratch!

So thinking, she started to bed and—almost broke her dainty big toe when she stumbled over her bathroom rug.

A Dumb Story

Helen Ferguson is telling a good one these days. "If a fire started in a deaf and dumb asylum at night, how would you awaken the inmates?" she asks all her friends. Of course none of them knows the answer—at least not the first time.

"Just ring a dumbbell!" says Helen.

Soot, Mon!

Doris Deane appeared with some makeup that wasn't on the schedule. She discovered one day that old man Jack Frost had put one over on her mother and herself by cutting loose among their orange trees. So together they superintended the lighting of dozens of smudge pots to save the crop.

"Good heavens, what have you done to yourself?" one of her friends asked her on the way home, noting her soot-covered face.

"I'm playing end man in the minstrel show," said Doris with a grin.

A Horse On You

Human triplets have been used in pictures and male and female twins by the score. But "Val of Paradise," Bebe's and Jack Holt's new co-starring picture, claims the distinction of using the first twin horses ever seen in any production. And that is some distinction, considering that there is only one set of twins in 100,000 horses. And these horses are honest-Injun twins.

This may sound like a fish story, but it isn't. It's a horse story.

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE MOVIE WORLD

REEL NOOZE

WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

ANDY ULP—FAMOUS HOOCH SAMPLER SPRAINS THUMB WHILE TRYING TO BUTTON SUSPENDERS WHILE ACTING IN THE MOB SCENE IN THOS. W. QUINCE'S "WEIGH UP YEAST" A FLEISHMAN PRODUCT



PHOTO BY MEESON STUDIOS

DAVID WALK SPLITUP HAS JUST RELEASED A GIGANTIC HIT CALLED "THE TAMING OF THE HOME BREW" BY J. FULLER RUMM

IT PROMISES TO GO OFF WITH A BANG.



WALSH.

IN "THE PASSING OF THE BREAD" A FILM RECENTLY RELEASED THRU PASSE', LEO PFLUG THE DASHING CEREAL HERO TAKES THE PART OF MONS. PHIL HARMONIC—A MUSICIAN OF NOTE



SCENE FROM MR. PFLUG'S RECENT SUCCESS "DEAD MEN'S SHOES" BY JOHN DOUGLAS AND W.L. WARD

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SECOND INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. On his way home from his laboratory one night he rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park. He makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor, and together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him for to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, "Jimmy," so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars.

wanted to remove this suspicion in the event of his having it. He didn't want to slip up on any seemingly unimportant details. He wanted to be positive that all was well before he started in to work on the vault and safe.

The presence of the department store watchman gave him another idea. It occurred to him that if it had been customary for Kelly to have visitors why it was also probable that the policemen on the beat dropped into the bank occasionally. If this were so, why then they were going to have a much harder time pulling off the robbery than they had anticipated. If his coming to the bank with only one man had aroused any suspicions in the mind of the watchman, he was confident that his criticisms of his letting the department store watchman in had entirely removed them. He entertained no doubt about that. He now wanted to ascertain whether or not the "cops" on the beat came in and if so, how many and at what time; so he resumed his questioning: "By the way, Kelly, do any of my men, any of the officers on this beat, spend any time in the bank at nights?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "they drop in every night."

This statement also staggered Blackey and Jimmy. Here was something that they hadn't considered, a possibility that had never entered their minds and a very important possibility that had to be met. It was surely going to be a very interesting evening. Burglarizing a big bank in the heart of one of the largest cities in the United States with policemen as possible visitors was quite a hazardous undertaking to say the least.

Of course neither Blackey nor Jimmy did anything that would indicate that this statement concerned them in any way and though they were jolted from the tops of their heads to their feet inwardly, they maintained their poise outwardly. Blackey went on with his conversation.

"So my men come into the bank every night, eh?"

"Yes, sir," the watchman replied.

"Any special time?"

"Nearly every hour after midnight."

"Any of them been sleeping here?"

Kelly didn't reply immediately. It was obvious that he was trying to be evasive, but Blackey repeated the question and supplemented it with this statement:

"If you don't tell me the truth about these things, Kelly, I shall see that the president is advised about your letting people in the bank at night; then you'll be looking for another job."

"Well," continued Kelly, "Patrolman Johnson lays down for an hour once in awhile, he's the only one."

"Is he the only one that sleeps?"

"Yes, sir, he's the only one."

"Sure?" inquired Blackey.



"Yes, sir."

"Ever play cards while they are in here?"

"No, sir."

"Does it ever happen that two of my men come in here together?"

"Yes, sir," the watchman replied.

"Which two?" Blackey asked him.

"Johnson and Williams," he answered.

"And doesn't Williams ever take a nap while he is here?"

"No, sir, he just smokes his pipe for a few moments, then leaves."

"And you say that none of my officers on this beat ever come in the bank until after midnight. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir, Captain," the watchman replied.

"Well, I'll be damned!" murmured Jimmy to himself. In all his years as a crook he had never been up against a proposition like this and while Blackey was carrying on the conversation with the bank watchman he was paralyzed with suspense. Visions of failure, cops and prisons were flitting across his mind. Then on the other hand he found himself thinking of the bundle of "dough" he would have if the job were pulled off successfully. The thoughts of the "dough" served to dispel all ideas of prisons, cops and failure and his poise returned automatically.

"Dis jug game is some racket," he thought.

Blackey, on the other hand, was as calm and as self-contained as could be. His talk with the watchman convinced him beyond doubt that all was well, that his coming to the bank with one man instead of two had aroused no suspicion. He had also obtained some very valuable information relative to the cops coming in after midnight. He was now able to organize a plan to meet that condition which might have resulted disastrously for both him and Jimmy if he hadn't drawn it out of the watchman. His conversation with Kelly was interrupted by the bank clock striking eleven o'clock.

"I've got to make my rounds now, Captain."

When he left to do so, Blackey said:

"We'll have to work quick, Jimmy. We've got to open this vault and safe before midnight. We've got to get out of here before those cops come knocking on the door or we're going to be in a jam. Let's get this fellow right now and stick him up."

"All right," replied Jimmy rather nervously. "Let's go."

They went looking for the watchman and found him in the directors' room at the rear of the bank. He was just punching his clock when they entered.

"Up with your hands quick and not a word!" said Blackey.

"Get 'em up, get 'em up!" cut in Jimmy.

He did not put his hand up immediately. He was dazed, panic-stricken. Jimmy grabbed him and took his gun and keys away from him.

He finally put up his hands and muttered:

"By God, bank burglars!"

Doubt, fear and consternation were written all over his face that had turned white. His eyes rolled and his lips quivered. He acted like a man who didn't understand, he probably was trying to reconcile the idea of bank burglars with Blackey's uniform of a police captain, and it was not until Jimmy began to tie his hands and his feet together that it dawned on him with perfect clearness that "Captain Worthington" and his friend Detective Donahue were bank burglars, and then he simply said:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

AFTER hearing voices on the other side of the door as they stood and waited for the watchman to let them into the bank, Blackey and Jimmy were all nerves and tension. Who were the talkers, they wondered? Could it be possible that Mr. Barker, the president of the bank, with whom Blackey had talked, had telephoned to the sixth precinct? The suspense was agonizing, so they prepared for action and when the watchman finally swung open the big iron doors of the bank they both had their hands on their guns in their overcoat pockets. They were relieved when the watchman greeted them with a warm:

"Good evening, Captain."

"Hello, Mr. Kelly," replied Blackey.

"Good night, Tom," Kelly said to his friend, who passed out of the bank as Blackey and Jimmy had entered.

This party's presence started Blackey thinking; he had an idea that Kelly had told him something about the contemplated bank robbery. If he had done this then it was highly probable that he in turn would say something to some friend of his and before the information had gone very much further it would get to the police and then there would be the deuce to pay for sure. Blackey was considerably worried about the whole affair and was almost on the verge of deciding to leave the bank right then. "Maybe I'm all wrong," he thought to himself. "I'll shoot a few questions at this night watchman and find out just how far he has gone."

"Who's your friend Tom, Mr. Kelly?"

"He's a watchman across the street in the department store."

"Does he visit you frequently?"

"Yes," he replied, "he comes over every night about this time for a smoke and a talk."

"You didn't say anything to him about this matter tonight, did you?"

Kelly's face colored up and there was a ring of conviction in his voice when he said:

"No, sir, Captain, I did not."

"Sure about that, are you?" demanded Blackey as he looked him straight in the eye.

"Absolutely!" replied the watchman. "I haven't said a word to anybody."

"I'm glad to hear that," snapped Blackey, "because if this information were to leak out it might upset my plans for capturing these bank burglars and on the other hand somebody might lose his life."

"I said nothing to nobody," repeated the watchman.

"Does Mr. Barker know anything about your letting your friends in the bank at night?"

This question worried Kelly, for he knew that he was violating the president's instructions when he opened the bank door to let anybody in after banking hours. Mr. Barker had cautioned him many times about that particular thing. He hesitated before replying to Blackey's question; his face was a study; he probably had visions of losing his job and his voice was rather feeble and unsteady when he answered Blackey, saying:

"No, sir, Captain, he doesn't."

"Has he ever told you that you shouldn't let anybody in the bank at night?"

"Yes, sir, Captain, he has."

"Don't disobey the instructions of your boss," ordered Blackey. "In the police department we punish men for such things as that and if an officer does it the second time I can him. You shouldn't let anybody in the bank after hours, unless you have the president's permission to do so. It's bad business and I advise you to stop it right away."

"You're right, Captain. I'll never do it again. Please don't say anything to Mr. Barker about it; I didn't think I was doing any harm."

"All right, I won't, but cut it out."

Blackey had two reasons for carrying on this conversation with the watchman. First he wanted to remove from the mind of the watchman any possibility of suspicion that might have been aroused by his coming to the bank with only one man after he had told the bank president and the watchman that afternoon that he would return that night with two others beside himself. The watchman, he thought, might have construed this as a suspicious circumstance, therefore, he

"Shut up! Shut up!" exclaimed Jimmy as he stuck a gag in his mouth. They carried him out of the directors' room into the office of the president, which was ten or fifteen feet to the left of the vault and could not be seen from the street. It then occurred to Blackey that if the clock wasn't punched every hour the burglar alarm people would have their men on the scene. Every time a bank watchman punches his clock it is automatically registered in the office of an electric protective company. All night long the records of the clocks are watched and if the rings don't come in on time, that is, within ten or twenty minutes after the watchman's usual time for ringing his clock, the company immediately dispatches men to the bank to investigate.

"Get the gag out of his mouth, quick!" said Blackey. "Untie his feet, but keep his hands tied. Lead him around and make him show you where the posts are and see that every post is rung. Hurry!"

After they had gone Blackey found a chart on the president's desk that showed where the posts were located, five of them, one in the president's office, in the directors' room, the back of the vault, the front of the vault and one in the lobby in the front of the bank.

Blackey pulled off his coat, adjusted his drill in the brace and began to drill the vault door combination lock box. When Jimmy returned fifteen minutes later he had almost completed the job.

"Put the gag back in his mouth, Jimmy, and tie up his feet."

"I got y' old timer," replied Jimmy as he laid the bound and gagged watchman on the floor.

Jimmy stood by and gazed at Blackey with admiring eyes as he worked on the vault door. He was fascinated and said to himself:

"I'll be some guy when I'm able to dig into these V's and petes," (V's in the vernacular of the underworld means vaults; petes, safes.)

Blackey finished the drilling, inserted the fuse and cap in the drilled hole, struck a match, lighted the fuse and then stepped away from the door to await the explosion.

Jimmy had never heard an explosion and he was wondering all the time what the sound was going to be like. He was strangely stirred as he stood there and watched the fuse flicker and spurt little balls of flame. With every passing second the fuse grew smaller and smaller and nearer and nearer to the vault door and the lock box on the inside. Suddenly the fuse ceased to spurt the little balls of fire. It had passed into the inside of the door, and almost instantaneously with the passing of it, there came a quick illuminating flash that lighted up the bank for a second, followed by the explosion, which was very light, sharp and quick, and was over in an instant. The detonation was not half as loud as that of a thirty-two calibre revolver. If anybody had been passing the bank and heard it they would have never thought it was an explosion. The combination lock box which was blown off made more noise when it fell to the floor.

The inside doors of the vault were unlocked, so that eliminated the necessity of another explosion on the vault. Blackey pulled them open—and there before him stood the much vaunted "burglar-proof" automatic time lock safe, the thing that his friend Biddle had told him would make the robbery of banks a thing of the past. Blackey looked at it and smiled and then called to Jimmy:

"Come! quick! switch on that light and give me a hand here!"

Jimmy responded like a flash.

A CLOSE CALL

BLACKEY, down on his knees, hatless and with his sleeves rolled up, worked on the time lock safe until the sweat poured down his face in a steady stream. He was having trouble finding space to confine the "juice" on the first "shot" (explosion). The time locker was certainly a well put together piece of mechanism. The jams, top and bottom, were so compact, put together so closely that the "juice" wouldn't flow through the crevice back into the door and down the steps of the various sheetings on the inside.

Jimmy was right there beside Blackey helping him as best he could, handing him first a wedge, a piece of fuse, a cap, a chisel, everything that Blackey called for. Jimmy was "Johnny on the spot" and handed it to him instantly. He soon had the time-locking "pete" ready for the first "shot." He lighted a match, touched off the fuse, closed the "skeleton doors" and stepped outside to await the explosion.

With the inside skeleton doors and the outside vault door closed the explosion could hardly be heard out of the vault, but when they pulled both doors open and dashed back into the vault to prepare another shot the fumes from the explosion were stifling.

Three sheetings had been blasted off on the first "shot," nearly half the door, and Blackey quickly applied another one in a hole that had been made in one sheet pulling away from another one, a rivet had been broken off or there was a crack of some kind into which the "juice" could be put on a little piece of cotton.

He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault on the next "shot" the explosion occurred and one of the sheetings came flying off the door, hit Jimmy on the legs and knocked him flat on the vault floor. He was more frightened than hurt. He scrambled to his feet quickly and said:

"Not so fast, not so fast, Blackey. I don't want to get croaked in dis jug. Use longer fuses so we can git out o' this dump before the 'shots' go off."

Blackey laughed at him and exclaimed:

"Don't mind a little thing like that, Jimmy."

The fourth "shot" removed the last sheeting on the door and just as they were preparing to set off another to blast that one off there came a wild, terrified scream of "Help! help! Police! police!" They dashed out of the vault and found that the watchman had worked the gag out of his mouth. They had it back again in a few moments more secure than ever.

"No more of that shouting," Blackey told him, "if it occurs again I'm going to give you something that will put you to sleep for a few hours, so keep quiet, old boy."

"Y' better cut that grand opera stuff," remarked Jimmy, "or I'se liable to put the slug on y' even though y' are all harnessed up like a horse."

The poor watchman merely rolled his eyes and trembled. It was perfectly obvious that he was scared to death as he lay stretched out on the floor, bound and gagged.

The fifth "shot," a light one, tore the last sheeting off the door. They were now on the inside of the safe. Half of the job was completed. There remained the chest known in the vernacular of the cracksmen as the "kiester." The "kiester" is usually the hardest part of the affair, for while it only required five "shots" to blow off the five sheetings on the safe door, they did not succeed in getting six of the seven sheetings off the "kiester" until they had made eleven explosions on it.

"Just one more shot, Jimmy, and it will be all over."

"Let's give it to 'er quick," replied Jimmy, "and get out of here. I'm sick as a dog."

Blackey, too, was very sick. The fumes from the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold up his head, but he kept going.

The bank clock tolled the midnight hour as he got ready to load up the "kiester" for the last shot.

"Well," remarked Jimmy, "twelve bells; dat means I've got to do me stunt with dat guy's clock again."

"Don't miss any of them, Jimmy," said Blackey, "take this chart of the location of the posts. Remember, if you should miss one, that the burglar alarm men will be down here investigating."

"I got y'! I won't miss 'em. I'll get 'em all."

Within a moment after Jimmy had left, the telephone started ringing in the office where the watchman lay on the floor.

"Well," murmured Blackey, "what's this mean, I wonder?"

He made no attempt to answer it, he didn't know what to do, had no idea of who it might be. Jimmy heard the phone as he rang the last post on the watchman's rounds and hurried to Blackey, nervous and excited.

"Who do y' think it is, Blackey?"

"I don't know," Blackey replied, "but there isn't any time to be lost. Stay here until I touch off this last shot."

He ran back to the vault, lighted the fuse, closed the door and stepped outside. The explosion followed instantly, a dull, muffled-like sound. He opened the door and looked inside, the last sheeting of the "kiester" was lying on the floor, the automatic time locker was a wreck. For a moment his mind went back to the dinner at the Waldorf and he thought of what his friend, the banker Biddle, had said to him. He smiled sardonically, closed the door and returned to the ringing phone.

"Going to answer this?" Jimmy asked him.

"Yes, get that gag out of his mouth quick!"

"Wat's de idea?"

"Never mind, never mind, damn it!" exclaimed Blackey determinedly, "do as I say!"

Jimmy lost no time in getting the gag out of the watchman's mouth. He saw that Blackey was irritated and he decided that he wasn't going to ask any more questions. He made up his mind to do what he told him and keep his mouth shut.

"Now listen to me," said Blackey to the watchman after Jimmy had removed the gag from his mouth, "I'm going to take that receiver off the hook. I want you to answer the phone as though nothing out of the ordinary has happened in this bank tonight, understand me?"

"Yes," he answered, "I understand."

Blackey continued: "If you make one bad break, say one word that you shouldn't say, I'm going to blow your brains out, do you get me?"

"Yes," he answered automatically, his voice quivering with fear.

Blackey winked his eye at Jimmy and said to him: "Get on the other side of him, Doc, put your cannon right up to his head, if he makes an outcry about the bank being robbed, pull the trigger."

"I'll take the top of his lid off if he bats an eye," Jimmy replied with a spirit of bravado.

Blackey then lifted the receiver from the hook, bent down to the desk, put half of the receiver up against the watchman's ear so that he could hear the conversation. His gun was up against his neck. Jimmy, on the other side of him had his gun rammed close to his head. The watchman was subdued with fear.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Dan," came the voice over the phone.

"Hello, hello," repeated the watchman nervously.

"This is Mr. Barker speaking, Mr. Barker," he continued in a rather unsteady tone of voice, "I want to talk with Captain Worthington."

"All right, sir," the watchman answered, "I—"

Before he could go any further Blackey pushed him to the one side with one hand and he covered the transmitter with the other one while he whispered to Jimmy:

"It's President Barker calling for me, get that gag back in his mouth, quick."

"Hello, Mr. Barker," said Blackey.

"Howde, Captain, I—"

Blackey interrupted him.

"I suppose you're anxious to know something?"

"Yes, yes," he replied rather excitedly, "I am."

Did you get 'em?"

"Yes," replied Blackey, "they came in about twenty minutes ago. My men have just finished putting the handcuffs on them."

"By God! that's fine work, Captain. Fine work."

How many of them did you capture?"

"Three," continued Blackey.

"Have any trouble, Captain, anybody hurt, any shooting?"

"No shooting," answered Blackey, "only one of them offered any resistance and we had to use the blackjack on him a little."

"Y' did, eh?"

"They were caught unawares," said Blackey. "We had 'em covered soon as they got on the inside of the bank."

"Great work, great work, Captain, the bank is indebted to you for life."

"Are you coming down to the bank?"

"Right away, Captain," he replied.

"How long will it take you to get here?" Blackey inquired.

"Oh—about thirty or forty minutes."

"All right sir, good-bye," replied Blackey as he hung up the receiver.

"Wat de hell did y' ask him to come down for?"

exclaimed Jimmy.

"We'll be gone before he gets here, don't get rattled," declared Blackey.

It then dawned on Blackey that the president's coming to the bank was decidedly a bad idea. It meant that the robbery would be discovered just so much sooner. If he could stop him why it was highly probable that the burglary would not be heard of until the bank opened up at ten in the morning. By that time they would be in New York safe from pursuit.

"I never gave that a thought," he said to himself.

He grabbed the phone.

"Race—three-four-nine, please."

"Hello, Mr. Barker, this is Captain Worthington."

"Oh yes, Captain," he answered.

"Mr. Barker," continued Blackey, "I'm taking these fellows over to the station right now. I'm dead tired and want to get to bed. Suppose you put off coming down to the bank tonight and meet me at the station in the morning at nine-thirty?"

"Very well, Captain."

"All right, thanks," answered Blackey. "See you in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Captain."

"That's better, Jimmy," said Blackey as he hung up the phone.

"Sure 'tis," replied Jimmy relieved.

"Come on," said Blackey, "let's pack up this money and get out of here."

They hurried to the vault and started to pack the bills in a dress suitcase that they found in the directors' room. There was approximately two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in paper money of all denominations, a hundred thousand or more of negotiable securities, five or ten thousand dollars in gold and eight or ten thousand dollars in silver, all of which they didn't take because it was too heavy.

Jimmy found a hand bag in the president's office into which he put the gold. They closed the vault door and then went over to the watchman to make sure that he was so securely tied that there was no possibility of his working himself loose. They said "good-bye" to him and started for the door.

Blackey unlocked the big iron door and as he did so, almost instantaneously he heard voices on the steps of the bank outside.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy.

Blackey opened the door slightly and peeked out.

"Two cops!" he whispered.

"Cops!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Holy ———! this is awful!" declared Jimmy.

"What are we going to do?"

"Looks bad," replied Blackey. "Looks bad," he repeated.

Suddenly the door swung open and the two uniformed policemen stepped inside the bank.

(Continued next week)

Hints to Scenario Writers

by
Frederick Palmer



SCENARIO NOTE: Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.

THE "PICTURE ANGLE"

POSSIBLY the greatest difficulty that the beginning writer of photoplays encounters is the necessity of expressing his story in terms of action. For that matter, the experienced fiction writer, as well, upon turning to the field of screen drama, is generally puzzled by this rigid requirement.

It is, however, a lesson that every photoplay writer must learn, and the sooner the better. Fine writing, beautiful descriptions, clever witticisms—excepting as they may tend to build up characterization—are thrown away in the writing of photo-dramas. Only that which can be transferred to celluloid through the eye of the camera will find its way to the screen; and where, then, excepting for a few brief sub-titles, do the poetic rhapsodies over the sinking sun, the lengthy account of the star's eyes, the detailed description of the thoughts that surge through the handsome hero's mind come in?

I am not, however, one of those machine-like, studio-hardened persons, who would abolish everything but a bare skeleton of the action plot. That would be as fatal to the screen writer's story as to "pad" it. Enough description and characterization must be worked into a photoplay to give it life and an appeal to the readers—who are only human beings, after all; and the bare plot would often fall short, in that it failed to impress itself forcibly enough upon the editor's brain. But practice and study will inculcate in the mind of the scenario writer the subtle ability to "put over" what is known in the studios as "picture stuff," without wasting words and without resorting to the use of unnecessary detail.

The picture angle comes natural to many writers. Others must acquire it. Many noted fiction authors have reaped a harvest from the picture rights to their books, merely because they possessed this peculiar quality, and, almost unconsciously, had written their books and stories from the screen angle. Such writers intuitively select "picture words"—words that, in themselves, convey a picture to the mind of the reader. Other authors, equally as well-known, have been able to sell picture rights only when their novels, or other works, have been so well-known that it was good business on the part of the studios—from an advertising standpoint—to buy the name, and to build a real screen story around the plot.

The person who approaches the motion pictures with the idea of making photoplay writing his, or her, sole profession—which, after all, is the only way to succeed—must watch this matter of visualization closely. First of all, he must visualize his story in his own mind before attempting to set it down upon paper. If the mental impression is not clear to the writer, it will never appeal to the scenario editor, who is trained to think only in pictures, and to whom "fine writing," as a rule, is an utter bore, since it does not aid him in selecting photoplays that will succeed on the screen, but, rather, tends only to confuse him and to distract his mind from whatever picture value the story might have.

As an illustration of the "picture angle," as opposed to the narrative style of fiction, let us consider the following simple situation: John Smith arrives home late at night, to find on the center-table a note from his presumably faithful wife, in which she informs him that she has left him for another man.

The writer of narrative fiction would probably describe the ensuing events somewhat as follows: "As he read the letter the truth slowly dawned

upon him. Into his numbed mind gradually crept a feeling of self-pity. Desolation seized upon him. Then as his mind ran back over former days, the sense of desolation left him. New thoughts surged through his brain, like seething fire. Something snapped within him. From that moment, John Smith was a murderer at heart—for he had determined that his rival must die."

You will observe that, although John Smith's state of mind is admirably described, there is nothing in the description that could be transferred to celluloid by a cameraman.

But let us place the same incident into terms of action: "For a moment or two he stared at the letter; utter desolation crept over him. He sank into a chair, and buried his head in his hands. Then, with sudden determination, he crumpled the missive in his powerful hand, set his jaw, and arose to his feet. From a drawer in the table he took a revolver, examined it carefully, placed it in his overcoat pocket, and strode toward the door."

The foregoing, of course, are merely crude illustrations of the point in discussion; but they may aid the puzzled photoplay writer in discerning the vital difference between the two forms of expression.

VISITING THE STUDIOS

Without doubt a large percentage of scenario writers believe that their inability to visit the big studios and to watch the actual filming of motion pictures handicaps them in their work. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could be farther from the truth. Many of the great authors who were invited some time ago to the studios, to do their writing "on the ground," were utterly confused for several weeks by their glimpse into filmland; and, instead of being an aid to them, that part of their experience was undoubtedly a detriment.

The technique of filming, cutting, and assembling a motion picture is one of the most complicated imaginable. Contrary to widespread belief, directors do not go from set to set, or from location to location, filming their story exactly as it was written in the synopsis or continuity. Largely for financial reasons, they group all scenes occurring in a certain set, or location, and "shoot" them at one time. The outsider, observing this process and trying to decipher the story being pictured, would wonder at the apparent lack of sequence in the procedure, and—unless possessed of supernatural imagination—could obtain no aid in plot development therefrom.

It is far better for the writer to remain away from the studio—to study films that are complete, as they may be seen on the silversheet in any picture theatre. Here he may see a completed product, in proper sequence, and invested with the atmosphere that titles and art-work give to any film. And, where watching the filming of scenes in a studio would probably cramp his imagination, the sincere photoplaywright will find inspiration in the finished drama.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Why is retrospect objectionable?—M. H. L.

(A.) Telling your story in direct action is preferable to telling it through the retrospect of a character. The effect produced by the former method is less artificial. Begin at the beginning and carry the story forward, keeping the various threads parallel. The audience is more interested to see the action as it transpires than to have it presented through conversation long after it has occurred.

(Q.) Does the realm of "politics" offer good subject matter for the screen play?—G. P.

(A.) Unfortunately, plays dealing with politics are frequently unsuccessful. This type of story is very hard to write from the screen viewpoint. The chief difficulty seems to be that material of this nature is "dry" to the average spectator because he knows so

little about politics; a great deal of explanation is necessary to make the action clear to the uninitiated. There is no reason, however, why the writer should not use as a background interesting political concerns. If you build a sound, dramatic story, keeping the characterization real and human, a political motif may be used effectively. Much of the conflict that arises between the statesmen of a country is fundamentally human, entertaining, and significant. Everything depends upon the way you treat the material.

(Q.) Is there any market for the story with a foreign background?—M. D. O.

(A.) Such a story will, on the whole, sell just as readily as one laid in America, providing the two stories are equally strong. "Setting" is a secondary concern with most producers. They demand primarily that the story possess dramatic virility and novel development. Of course the producer who is financially limited would probably prefer the American story, as being simpler and less expensive to produce. But the good story, with a foreign setting, will easily find a market.

(Q.) Should much time be devoted to the delineation of minor characters?—E. N. S.

(A.) If a character is worth introducing at all, he or she is worth developing to the fullest extent. Of course, there is no necessity for going into minute details. But keep all of your characters real and human, even down to the most unimportant servant girl. If you use only those characters that are essential in the working out of the plot, you will be able to treat them all in a satisfying way. Keep the attention of the spectator centered upon the principals, of course; and then, have the actions and motives of the minor characters blend in logically and interestingly.

(Q.) Is spiritualism a good subject for the screen play?—S. J. P.

(A.) Stories dealing with spiritualism are very costly and difficult to produce, as you no doubt realize, and consequently producers are not interested in them, unless they possess the maximum amount of dramatic virility, as well as a novel treatment.

(Q.) May quotations be included in the detailed synopsis?—H. W. L.

(A.) It is better to use only those quotations which are absolutely essential in telling the story. Long descriptions and conversations only retard the action, which is, you know, the primary requisite. If the speech of any character directly furthers the story, use it. Otherwise, omit it.

(Q.) Why is the necessity for "optimism" stressed so much as a requirement for the screen play?—L. H. P.

(A.) The American audience likes pictures of "real life," but it likes to have them depicted idealistically. There is much more danger in emphasizing the sordid, than in over-emphasizing the cheerful. Give the spectator something to look up to—some joyous creation of the imagination that will lift him from out of the dull monotony of everyday life. Art deals primarily in beauty, you know. Beauty is sometimes considered the aim of all art. The American audience appreciates idealism, and this is an indication of health and sanity.

(Q.) Is there any demand for the idealistic love story?—H. H. L.

(A.) There is not only a demand, but a vital need for idealistic love stories. If you build a really dramatic plot on such a theme, there is no reason why it would not appeal to producers.

(Q.) May the subject of "Life Hereafter" be treated on the screen?—G. A.

(A.) The few attempts that have been made to deal effectively with this subject have been failures, both artistically and commercially. The time is hardly ripe for such radical departures. Producers are wary of subject matter as intangible as this. They consistently prefer realism. There are, of course, a few isolated exceptions. If you have really dramatic material of this nature, prejudice against it might be overcome.

(Q.) Why are so many stories dealing with "Paganism" produced?—A. B. C.

(A.) Such stories often possess certain photographic, "atmospheric" features that count for much in the screen story. There is no reason to suppose, however, that this should continue to be one of the predominating trends in production.

FORTUNES ARE GOING BEGGING

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with, with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly professor of short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes, amounting to \$5,000, were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

THESE are the leaders behind the search for screen-writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

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An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

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Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photo-

play Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

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The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of "Movie Weekly" to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

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PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

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A FIERY ROMANCE OF LOVE

(Continued from page 10)

good-bye and thank you again, Miss—Miss—" thoughtfully his gaze swept from her mass of dark hair down to her little slippers again. "Miss Rose Girl," he finished.

Another glance at the absurd little watch and she whirled and ran lightly across the smooth green space, while his eyes followed her intently. One of the best things Doris Dalrymple did was her run. They managed some way to work it into every picture.

At the edge of the shrubbery she turned to wave a little good-bye before the thick leaves swallowed her. The man sank down on the bench again.

"What a girl!" he soliloquized. "Sweet, fresh and clear-eyed. A raving beauty and doesn't know it! Frank and friendly and sensible—not self-conscious. Mamma was waiting back there, all right! She's the kind that never is allowed out alone. Thoroughbred to the tips of her little fingers. Think of the money that goes into the making of a girl like her! But she was a peach! If things were as they used to be—but they're not!"

He squared his shoulders and rose, ready to take up his job of looking for a job. He smiled a little, remembering the girl's shrewd commentary on his bench loafing. Resolutely he turned his face away from the shrubbery where she had disappeared. He would not follow her, of course. It wouldn't be cricket! What would be the use? It made no difference where she lived, nor who she was, nor whether the car that he pictured had driven her away. He was going in the other direction!

All these things did the brain of Jerry Griswold tell him, firmly and decisively. But the feet of Jerry Griswold, being so far removed from his brain, seemed not to hear its admonitions at all. Relentlessly they carried him straight across the green stretch toward the cool, beckoning branches.

"She's gone by this time, anyhow," he told himself as he neared the shrubbery. Almost he convinced himself that he was walking in that direction because it was a short cut to the subway. There was a motorcycle leaning against a tree, and to prove that he was in no haste he stopped to look at it. The owner was nowhere in sight—a bit careless. It was a good machine, he decided. An Indian, with a side car. His mind flashed back over the miles of road he had covered with an Indian, in Belgium and France. Mud, rain, wind, refugees! Clay, blood, shells, refugees! More shells, more blood, more mud, more refugees! Always more mud and more refugees! Well, it had cured him of chorus-boying, anyhow!

He came up to the spot where the girl had turned to wave good-bye. What was back of the encircling stretch of shrubbery he never saw, for out there in the open was something that brought him to a halt, petrified, staring.

There was a long, low, rakish-looking roadster, bright yellow. There was a man, dark and swarthy with a mop of coal-black hair. There was a girl, the girl, just being thrown violently into the roadster by the man. There was a leap, a hurrying sound, and the car was off, a yellow streak across the smooth turf, hitting the boulevard beyond at a sixty-mile pace.

"Kidnapped!" gasped Jerry.

It had all happened in one crowded, breathless instant. But crowded instants and appalling emergencies were not new in Jerry Griswold's life. With two bounds he was back to the motor cycle, astride it, and off, a straight, snorting line of red, cutting the shortest distance toward the boulevard where the yellow roadster had disappeared.

THE yellow roadster dropped its sixty-mile pace immediately after it hit the boulevard. Motor cycle cops lie in wait everywhere these days seeking whom they may devour. It's expensive business being arrested for speeding, and, contrary to the general belief, it is not the kind of publicity that a producer desires for his stars. So the Desperate Villain slowed his prancing Stutz to a comparative crawl and took time to cast an appraising glance at the girl whose crown of brown hair just brushed his shoulder. It was a singularly tender and understanding glance to come from a Desperate Villain.

"Tired?" he asked gently. "Shall we drive down here?"

She glanced at the road running off to the right and nodded gratefully. It was a country road, hard and smooth but deliciously golden where the sun struck down on the brown dust. Daisies and clover grew up to its edges, to be replaced by ferns and shy wood-flowers as a long stretch of forest swallowed them, shutting off everything but the cool greenness.

"It's so heavenly still and sweet," sighed Doris.

Behind them a series of sharp cracks and splutters cut the air and the girl jumped nervously.

"Just a motor cycle maniac hitting it up on the boulevard," said the man. "What's the matter, little girl? You're as nervous as a witch! Anything gone wrong?"

"No-o. Only—I don't know just how to say it. You always seem to be happy in your work. But I get uncertain and exasperated and puzzled. It all

seems so useless, sometimes. So futile! The whole business, I mean. Thousands of people's time, and millions of dollars, just to make pictures for folks to look at for an hour and say 'that's good stuff,' or 'that's pretty punk,' and then forget them. Wouldn't it be wonderful to make something that really counted in the world?"

"Such as?" probed the man.

"Such as a loaf of bread, or a lemon meringue pie, or—little pink rompers for babies," she finished defiantly. "That is," she hastened on, breathless, "anything that is really needed and useful. It's so silly, what we do!"

The Desperate Villain was looking down at her gravely now, and far back in his eyes burned a little flame of desire. Gently he brought the car to a stop. For a moment they sat quite still. The trees on either side stood up straight and tall. A little sighing breeze went singing through them. Presently he spoke.

"Doris, what you do isn't silly. It's sweet and wholesome and joyous. It makes worried people forget their worries and tired folk feel rested and little children laugh. It's an antidote for a lot of the rotten stuff that's made. But just the same, little girl, if you want to chuck it all, or when you want to chuck it all, I'm right here, you know! I've got a bungalow out on Long Island that you'd adore. I've got money enough salted down to take care of us after they're tired of my face on the screen. And you're the only girl I ever knew that I'd invite to live in my bungalow and make my lemon pies, or—little rompers! I've told you before, and I'm telling you now, and I'll be ready to tell you again tomorrow, or next week, or next year, that you're the one girl for me."

"You're a darling!" she breathed, putting out a hand to pat his rough serge sleeve. "But I can't marry a man just because I'm out of sorts with my career, now can I? Think what a life I'd lead you, Jimpsey-dear! No, I've just got to go on starring!"

His eyes had sobered almost to sadness, but his lips smiled determinedly. "Just as you like, little lady," he said and the car moved forward again, with smooth ease. "But remember old Jimpsey's here when you need him. Now here's a cross-road that takes us back on the boulevard. Want to drive down as far as Dustin's and have a soda to restore your drooping spirits? Then we'll beat it back. Tony said we had an hour before he'd be ready for us. We can go back in the garden and drink it and cool off."

"I don't want to go in, Jimpsey. I hate going in anywhere with my makeup on. People stare and whisper and I feel so foolish. But you can bring a soda out to me—a very long, cool pink one."

"Makeup!" His voice laughed at her now, and his eyes, as well as his lips. "Honest, Doris, do you use any? Seems to me it doesn't show at all—only, of course, those shadows under your eyes. And a stranger would hardly notice them."

"Nonsense. You're blinded by affection. I'm a sight to behold. Anyhow, I always feel that I am! It's my bringing up, I suppose. If my family could see me—"

She stopped abruptly, a quick mist dimming her eyes. The Desperate Villain, guiding the car carefully in deep, dusty ruts now, stretched a quick hand to pat the two that were so closely clenched in Doris' lap.

"Steady, child," he said. "Your family would be proud of you. In fact, I believe they are proud of you!"

She was silent now, and he knew she was fighting for the self-control that was always threatened when Doris allowed her thoughts to go back to the little brown house on the New England hillside. Twenty-two years ago she had been born there. Eighteen years she had lived there. She had only to shut her eyes to see it all. A weatherbeaten house it was, with a deeply slanting roof and a red chimney that leaned a little to one side. A tangle of honeysuckle vine, a hedge of barberries, a screen of crimson ramblers for the side porch. A big walnut tree where one played at housekeeping with Phil, running in to beg cookies of mother in the hot, sweet-smelling kitchen. Big, sloping fields at the back where father worked, always—a stooped, tanned father, with a slow smile and kind eyes that lighted with pride whenever he looked at bonny Doris or sturdy Phil.

It seemed incredible that everything was gone; that Phil slept somewhere in France; that dad and mother slept in the tiny church yard on the hill; that the little house was closed, its windows boarded over, like poor, blinded eyes. Would they be proud of her, mother and dad, and Phil, or would they be ashamed? Suddenly she could see Phil's straight, tall young figure in his uniform, could feel his clear eyes boring into hers. But the voice she seemed to hear was not Phil's. It was another voice, young and clear, too, but with a touch of bitterness running through it.

"I tell you I'm going to do some real work," it said. And again: "Amusement . . . a woman dead in a roadside ditch . . . thousands of them . . . things the world needs."

"Wake up, kiddie." It was the Desperate Villain's

voice now, scattering her dreams and misgivings with his shrewd, sane smile and tone. "Here we are, and the sun shines, and the birdies sing, and the tall pink drinks await us. Do you refuse to come in?"

"I do. Run quick and bring me the longest, frostiest one. Raspberry, with lots of fluffy cream on top. And ice to tinkle. Maybe they've got some little crispy cakes!"

Her mood had swung to lightness again. Not often did Doris indulge in somber, brooding dreams. The man beamed with relief.

"I might send Mother Dustin out to wash your face with a wet towel, so you could appear in civilized society," he jeered. His own face, grotesquely spotted in greens and brown with heavy strokes of black, bothered him not at all. Many years of makeup stretched behind the Desperate Villain; it seemed probable that many of the same kind stretched before.

With affectionately amused eyes Doris watched his big figure swing up the path and disappear through the green-shuttered door of the tea-house. "Nice old Jimpsey!" she breathed, and settled herself for a wait that would be at least ten minutes. Mother Dustin's drinks were works of art, not to be shaken together in a hasty minute.

Being a thoroughly normal girl, she proceeded to improve the shining minutes in the usual way. From somewhere among the crisp flounces she fished a tiny mirror. One peep at herself brought a grimace of displeasure. A wee vanity bag came out, was opened. A tube of cold cream and a bit of soft linen began to tone down the color of cheeks and lips and to erase the shadows that intensified the size of the brown eyes.

So absorbed was she in this rite that she did not hear the motorcycle chugging swiftly up the road from the city, toward her. It was an Indian, with a side seat, and the man who rode it was keeping a sharp look out on either side. When he saw the yellow car and the girl, he lifted his head suddenly with a gesture that expressed relief, triumph, and an instant decision. Swift as an arrow the cycle shot ahead, passed the yellow car, swept a wide circle and came swooping back to stop at the very elbow of the astonished Doris.

"Quick. Into this seat. Now!" he said. "Don't be afraid. He won't chase us."

"Mr. Caveman!" she gasped wonderingly, puzzled at his excitement, his crisp, short orders.

"Sure! Stop wasting time. Come on!"

And suddenly his arm was around her, snatching her bodily from the yellow car, depositing her on the side seat of his own vehicle which immediately shot forward with an astounding speed.

Jimpsey, emerging from the green-shuttered door at that instant, let two tall, frosted glasses of pink liquid fall to the pebbled walk with a resounding crash.

"Kidnapped!" gasped Jimpsey.

An instant, and the yellow roadster shot down the boulevard. But it had little chance. Already the motorcycle was a black speck, dipping out of sight over the brow of a hill.

(Continued next week)

The Triumph of Love

Or

"THE BUSINESS OF LIFE"
SHOULD JACQUELINE
NEVERS ABANDON HER
BUSINESS CAREER for LOVE

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

This story is one of the most vividly entrancing love stories and the finest and strongest piece of writing which that master love-craftsman of romance, Robert W. Chambers, has ever written.

"Suddenly, under all her delicate, youthful charm, Jack Desboro divined the note of hidden strength, the self-confidence of capability—oddly at variance with her allure of lovely immaturity. Yet he might have surmised it, for though her figure was that of a girl, her face, for all its soft, fresh beauty, was a woman's and already firmly moulded in noble lines which even the scarlet fulness of the lips could not deny."

"May I say something that I have in mind and not offend you?" he asked."

This is from Robert W. Chambers' romance beginning in next week's issue of "Movie Weekly." Don't miss it! Order your copy from your newsdealer early.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

IT was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were, during the day, intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realised something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll, and asked me: 'Is there a child here? Or is it for a charity bazaar?'"

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive—a mere scrap. I thought it best to enclose it, which I do, herewith."

The enclosure he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror—"

And that was all—only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried, and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me."

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison, the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address."

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority, I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer."

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them."

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I, personally, cannot guess what it might mean." Selwyn turned the page:

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll—calling it her army doll—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere, out of doors in the shrubbery, we think, and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn-party.'"

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity—"

He turned the last page; on the other side was merely the formula of leave-taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For a while he stood in the centre of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it, and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven; he knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island.

And when he had found what he wanted, he went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Ruthven, but the servant who answered the telephone informed him that Mr. Ruthven was not in town.

So Selwyn hung up the receiver and sat down, thoughtful, grim, the trace of a scowl creeping across his narrowing gray eyes.

Of the abject cowardice of Ruthven he had been so certain that he had hitherto discounted any interference from him. Yet, now, the man was apparently preparing for some sort of interference. What did he want? Selwyn had contemptuously refused to permit him to seek a divorce on the ground of his wife's infirmity. What was the man after?

with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realise that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had passed—that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her; but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the *Aiobara*, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit—whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings, if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy in body and mind, comfortable, happy, and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and, at certain times, was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

Excited, incredulous, but hoping for the worst, Ruthven had posted off to his attorneys. To them he naïvely confessed his desire to be rid of Alix; he reported her misconduct with Neergard—which he knew was a lie—her pretence of mental prostration, her disappearance, and his interview with Selwyn in the card-room. He also gave a vivid description of that gentleman's disgusting behaviour, and his threats of violence during that interview.

To all of which his attorneys listened very attentively, bade him have no fear of his life, requested him to make several affidavits, and leave the rest to them for the present.

Which he did, without hearing from them until Mr. Hallam telegraphed him to come to Edgewater if he had nothing better to do.

And Ruthven had just arrived at that inconspicuous Long Island village when his servant, at the telephone, replied to Selwyn's inquiry that his master was out of town.

Mr. Hallam was a very busy, very sanguine, very impetuous young man; and when he met Ruthven at the Edgewater station he told him promptly that he had the best case on earth; that he, Hallam, was going to New York on the next train, now almost due, and that Ruthven had better drive over and see for himself how gaily his wife maintained her household; for the Cossack sleigh, with its gay crimson tchug, had but just returned from the usual afternoon spin, and the young chatelaine of Willow Villa was now on the snow-covered lawn, romping with the coachman's huge white wolfhound. . . . It might be just as well for Ruthven to stroll up that way and see for himself. The house was known as the Willow Villa. Any hackman could drive him past it.

As Hallam was speaking the New York train came thundering in, and the young lawyer, facing the snowy clouds of steam, swung his suit-case and himself aboard. On the Pullman platform he paused and looked around and down at Ruthven.

"It's just as you like," he said. "If you'd rather come back with me on this train, come ahead! It isn't absolutely necessary that you make a personal inspection now; only that fellow Selwyn is not here to-day, and I thought if you wanted to look about a bit you could do it this afternoon without chance of running into him and starting the whole mess boiling."

"Is Captain Selwyn in town?" asked Ruthven, reddening.

"Yes; an agency man telephoned me that he's just back from Sandy Hook—"

The train began to move out of the station. Ruthven hesitated, then stepped away from the passing car with a significant parting nod to Hallam.

As the train, gathering momentum, swept past him, he stared about at the snow-covered station, the guard, the few people congregated there.

"There's another train at four, isn't there?" he asked an official.

"Four-thirty, express. Yes, sir."

A hackman came up soliciting patronage. Ruthven motioned him to follow, leading the way to the edge of the platform.

"I don't want to drive to the village. What have you got there, a sleigh?"

It was the usual Long Island depot-wagon, on runners instead of wheels.

"Do you know the Willow Villa?" demanded Ruthven.

"Willer Viller, sir? Yes, sir. Step right this way—"

"Wait!" snapped Ruthven. "I asked you if you knew it; I didn't say I wanted to go there."

The hackman in his woolly greatcoat stared at the little dapper, smooth-shaven man, who eyed him in return, coolly insolent, lighting a cigar.

"I don't want to go to the Willow Villa," said Ruthven; "I want you to drive me past it."

"Sir?"

"Past it. And then turn around and drive back here. Is that plain?"

"Yes, sir."

Ruthven got into the closed body of the vehicle, rubbed the frost from the window, and peeked out. The hackman, unhitching his lank horse, climbed to the seat, gathered the reins, and the vehicle started to the jangling accompaniment of a single battered cow-bell.

The melancholy clamour of the bell annoyed little Mr. Ruthven; he was horribly cold, too, even in his fur coat. Also the musty smell of the ancient vehicle annoyed him as he sat, half turned around, peeping out of the rear window into the white tree-lined road.

There was nothing to see but the snowy road flanked by trees and stark hedges; nothing but the flat expanse of white on either side, broken here and there by patches of thin woodlands or by some old-time farmhouse with its slab shingles painted white and its green shutters and squat roof.

"What a God-forsaken place," muttered little Mr. Ruthven with a hard grimace. "If she's happy in this sort of a hole there's no doubt she's some sort of a lunatic."

He looked out again, furtively, thinking of what the agency had reported to him. How was it possible for any human creature to live in such a waste and be happy and healthy and gay, as they told him his wife was. What could a human being do to kill the horror of such silent, deathly white isolation. Drive about in it in a Cossack sleigh, as they said she did. Horror!

The driver pulled up short, then began to turn his horse. Ruthven squinted out of the window but saw no sign of a villa. Then he rapped sharply on the forward window, motioning the driver to descend, come around, and open the door.

When the man appeared Ruthven demanded why he had turned his horse, and the hackman, pointing to a wooded hill to the west, explained that the Willow Villa stood there.

Ruthven got out of the covered wagon and dug his gloved hands deeper into his fur-lined pockets.

For a while he stood in the snow, stolid, thoughtful, puffing his cigar. A half-contemptuous curiosity

possessed him to see his wife once more before he discarded her; see what she looked like, whether she appeared normal and in possession of the small amount of sense he had condescended to credit her with.

Besides, here was a safe chance to see her. Selwyn was in New York, and the absolute certainty of his personal safety attracted him strongly, rousing all the latent tyranny in his meagre soul.

Probably—but he didn't understand the legal requirements of the matter, and whether or not it was necessary for him personally to see this place where Selwyn maintained her, and see her in it—probably he would be obliged to come here again with far less certainty of personal security from Selwyn. Perhaps that future visit might even be avoided if he took this opportunity to investigate. Whether it was the half-sneering curiosity to see his wife, or the hope of doing a thing now which, by the doing, he need not do later—whether it was either of these that moved him to the impulse, is not quite clear.

He said to the hackman: "You wait here. I'm going over to the Willow Villa for a few moments, and then I'll want you to drive me back to the station in time for that four-thirty. Do you understand?"

The man said he understood, and Ruthven, bundled in his fur coat, picked his way across the crust, through a gateway, and up what appeared to be a hedged lane.

The lane presently disclosed itself as an avenue, now doubly lined with tall trees; this avenue he continued to follow, passing through a grove of locusts, and came out before a house on the low crest of a hill.

There were clumps of evergreens about, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreland, and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of snow a young girl was moving, followed by a white wolf-hound. Once she paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around her. Ruthven, hiding behind a bush, saw her thrust her arm into a low evergreen shrub and draw out a shining object that glittered like glass. Then she started toward the house again.

Vexed, determined not to return without some definite discovery, Ruthven stepped upon the veranda. Just around the angle of the porch he heard a door opening, and he hurried forward impatient and absolutely unafraid, anxious to get one good look at his wife and be off.

But when he turned the angle of the porch there was no one there; only an open door confronted him, with a big, mild-eyed wolf-hound standing in the doorway, looking steadily up at him.

Ruthven glanced somewhat dubiously at the dog, then, as the animal made no offensive movement, he craned his fleshy neck, striving to see inside the house.

He did see—nothing very much—only the same young girl, still in her furs, emerging from an inner room, her arms full of dolls.

In his eagerness to see more, Ruthven pushed past the great white dog, who withdrew his head disdainfully from the unceremonious contact, but quietly followed Ruthven into the house, standing beside him, watching him out of great limpid, deerlike eyes.

But Ruthven no longer heeded the dog. His amused and slightly sneering gaze was fastened on the girl in furs who had entered what appeared to be a living room to the right, and now, down on her knees beside a couch, smiling and talking confidentially and quite happily to herself, was placing her dolls in a row against the wall.

The dolls were of various sorts, some plainly enough home-made, some very waxy and gay in sash and lace, some with polished smiling features of porcelain. One doll, however, was different—a bit of ragged red flannel and something protruding to represent the head, something that glittered. And the girl in the fur jacket had this curious doll in her hands when Ruthven, to make sure of her identity, took a quick impulsive step forward.

Then the great white dog growled, very low, and the girl in the fur jacket looked around and up quickly.

Alise! He realized it as she caught his pale eyes fixed on her; and she stared, sprang to her feet still staring. Then into her eyes leaped terror, the living horror of recognition distorting her face. And, as she saw he meant to speak she recoiled, shrinking away, turning in her fright like a hunted thing. The strange doll in her hand glittered; it was a revolver wrapped in a red rag.

"W-what's the matter?" he stammered, stepping forward, fearful of the weapon she clutched.

But at the sound of his voice she screamed, crept back closer against the wall, screamed again, pushing the shining muzzle of the weapon deep into her fur jacket above her breast.

"F-for God's sake!" he gasped, "don't fire!—don't—"

She closed both eyes and pulled the trigger; something knocked her flat against the wall, but she heard no sound of a report, and she pulled the trigger again and felt another blow.

The second blow must have knocked her down, for she found herself rising to her knees, reaching for the table to aid her. But her hand was all red and slippery; she looked at it stupidly, fell forward, rose again, with the acrid smell of smoke choking her, and her pretty fur jacket all soaked with the warm wet stuff which now stained both hands.

Then she got to her knees once more, groped in the rushing darkness, and swayed forward, falling loosely and flat. And this time she did not try to rise.

As for the man, they finally contrived to drag the dog from him, and lift him to the couch, where he lay twitch-

ing among the dolls for a while; then stopped twitching. Later in the night men came with lanterns who carried him away.

As for Selwyn, a few people noticed his presence at the services; but even that episode was forgotten before he left the city, six hours later, under an invitation from Washington which admitted of no delay on the score of private business or of personal perplexity. For the summons was peremptory, and his obedience so immediate that a telegram to Austin comprised and concluded the entire ceremony of his leave-taking.

Later he wrote a great many letters to Eileen Erroll—not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his silence was no mystery to her; and her response was silence as profound as the stillness in her soul. But deep into her young heart something new had been born, faint fire, latent, unstirred; and her delicate lips rested one on the other in the sensitive curve of suspense; and her white fingers, often now interlinked, seemed tremulously instinct with the exquisite tension hushing body and soul in breathless accord as they waited in unison.

Toward the end of March the special service battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet commenced testing Chaosite in the vicinity of the Southern rendezvous. Both main and secondary batteries were employed. Selwyn had been aboard the flag-ship for nearly a month.

In April the armored ships left the Southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Virginia Capes and left him there. During his stay there was almost constant firing; later he continued northward as far as Washington; but it was not until June that he telegraphed Austin:

"Government satisfied. Appropriation certain next session. Am on my way to New York."

Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been detained and might not be able to grace the festivities which were to consist of a neighborhood dinner to the younger set in honor of Mrs. Gerald. But he said nothing about Selwyn, and Nina did not suspect that her brother's arrival in New York had anything to do with Austin's detention.

And now as Selwyn came leisurely up the front steps, Austin, awaiting him feverishly, hastened to smooth the florid jocosse mask over his features, and walked into the room, big hand extended, large bantering voice undisturbed by the tremor of a welcome which filled his heart and came near filling his eyes:

"So you've stuck the poor old Government at last, have you? Took 'em all in—forts, fleet, and the marine cavalry?"

"Sure thing," said Selwyn, laughing in the crushing grasp of the big fist. "How are you, Austin? Everybody's in the country, I suppose," glancing around at the linen-shrouded furniture. "How is Nina? And the kids?"

"She's all right," said Austin; "gad! she's really a superb specimen this summer. . . . You know she rather eased off last winter—got white around the gills and blue under the eyes. . . . Some heart trouble—we all thought it was you. Young girls have such notions sometimes, and I told Nina, but she sat on me. . . . Where's your luggage? Oh, is it all here?—enough, I mean, for us to catch a train for Silverside this afternoon."

"Has Nina any room for me?" asked Selwyn.

"Room! Certainly. I didn't tell her you were coming, because if you hadn't, the kids would have been horribly disappointed. She and Eileen are giving a shindy for Gladys—that's Gerald's new acquisition, you know. So if you don't mind butting into a baby-show we'll run down. It's only the younger bunch from Hitherwood House and Brookminster. What do you say, Phil?"

Selwyn said that he would go—hesitating before consenting. A curious feeling of age and grayness had suddenly come over him—a hint of fatigue, of consciousness that much of life lay behind him.

Yet in his face and in his bearing he could not have shown much of it, though at his deeply sun-burned temples the thick, close-cut hair was silvery; for Austin said with amused and at the same time fretful emphasis: "How the devil you keep the youth in your face and figure I don't understand! I'm only forty-five—that's scarcely eight years older than you are! And look at my waistcoat! And look at my hair—I mean where the confounded ebb has left the tide-mark! Gad, I'd scarcely blame Eileen for thinking you qualified for a cradle-snatcher. . . . And, by the way, that Gladys girl is more of a woman than you'd believe. I observe that Gerald wears that peculiarly speak-easy-please expression which is a healthy sign that he's being managed right from the beginning."

"I had an idea she was all right," said Selwyn, smiling. "Well, she is. People will probably say that she 'made' Gerald. However," added Austin modestly, "I shall never deny it—though you know what part I've had in the making and breaking of him, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Selwyn, without a smile.

Austin went to the telephone and called up his house at Silverside, saying that he'd be down that evening with a guest.

Nina got the message just as she had arranged her tables; but woman is born to sorrow and heiress to all the unlooked-for idiocies of man.

"Dear," she said to Eileen, the tears of uxorial vexation drying unshed in her pretty eyes, "Austin has thought fit to seize upon this moment to bring a man down to dinner. So if you are dressed would you kindly

see that the tables are rearranged, and then telephone somebody to fill in—two girls, you know. The oldest Craig girl might do for one. Beg her mother to let her come."

Eileen was being laced, but she walked to the door of Nina's room, followed by her little Alsatian maid, who deftly continued her offices *en route*.

"Whom is Austin bringing?" she asked.

"He didn't say. Can't you think of a second girl to get? Isn't it vexing! Of course there's nobody left—nobody ever fills in the country. . . . Do you know, I'll be driven into letting Drina sit up with us!—for sheer lack of material. I suppose the little imp will have a fit if I suggest it, and probably perish of indigestion to-morrow."

Eileen laughed. "Oh, Nina, do let Drina come this once! It can't hurt her—she'll look so quaint. The child's nearly fifteen, you know; do let me put up her hair. Boots will take her in."

"Well, you and Austin can administer the calomel to-morrow, then. . . . And do ring up Daisy Craig; tell her mother I'm desperate, and that she and Drina can occupy the same hospital to-morrow."

And so it happened that among the jolly youthful throng which clustered around the little candle-light tables in the dining-room at Silverside, Drina, in ecstasy, curly hair just above the nape of her slim white neck, and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited so long as she dared; then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl; and, as there were to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Eileen, with the two children on either hand and two empty chairs flanking Eileen.

A jolly informality made up for Austin's shortcoming; Gerald and his pretty bride were the centres of delighted curiosity from the Minster twins and the Innis girls and Evelyn Cardwell—all her intimates. And the younger Drymores, the Grays, Lawns, and Craigs were there in force—gay, noisy, unembarrassed young people who seemed scarcely younger or gayer than the young matron, their hostess.

As for Gladys, it was difficult to think of her as married; and to Boots Drina whispered blissfully: "I look almost as old; I know I do. After this I shall certainly make no end of a fuss if they don't let me dine with them. Besides, you want me to, don't you, Boots?"

"Of course I do."

"And—am I quite as entertaining to you as older girls, Boots, dear?"

"Far more entertaining," said that young man promptly. "In fact, I've about decided to cut out all the dinners where you're not invited. It's only three more years, anyway, before you're asked about, and if I omit three years of indigestible dinners I'll be in better shape to endure the deluge after you appear and make your bow."

"When I make my bow," murmured the child; "oh, Boots, I am in such a hurry to make it. It doesn't seem as if I could wait three more long, awful, disgusting years! . . . How does my hair look?"

"Adorable," he said, smiling across at Eileen, who had heard the question.

"Do you think my arms are very thin? Do you?" insisted Drina.

"Dreams of Grecian perfection," explained Boots. And, lowering his voice, "You ought not to eat *everything* they bring you; there'll be doings to-morrow if you do. Eileen is shaking her head."

"I don't care; people don't die of overeating. And I'll take their nasty old medicine—truly I will, Boots, if you'll come and give it to me."

The younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self-destruction; and Boots's eyes opened wider and wider in sheer amazement at the capacity of woman in embryo for rations sufficient to maintain a small garrison.

"There'll be a couple of reports," he said to himself with a shudder, "like Selwyn's Chaosite. And then there'll be no more Drina and Daisy—Hello!"—he broke off, astonished—"Well, upon my word of words! Phil Selwyn!—or I'm a broker!"

"Phil!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, Austin!—and you never told us—"

"Train was late as usual," observed Austin. "Philip and I don't mean to butt into this very grand function—Hello, Gerald! Hello, Gladys! . . . Where's our obscure corner below the salt, Nina? . . . Oh, over there—"

Selwyn had already caught sight of the table destined for him. A deeper color crept across his bronzed face as he stepped forward, and his firm hand closed over the slim hand offered.

For a moment neither spoke; she could not; he dared not.

Then Drina caught his hands, and Eileen's loosened in his clasp and fell away as the child said distinctly, "I'll kiss you after dinner; it can't be done here, can it, Eileen?"

"You little monkey!" exclaimed her father, astonished; "what in the name of cruelty to kids are you doing here?"

"Mother let me," observed the child, reaching for a bonbon. "Daisy is here; you didn't speak to her."

"I'm past conversation," said Austin grimly, "and Daisy appears to be also. Are they to send an ambulance for you, Miss Craig?—or will you occupy the emergency ward upstairs?"

"Upstairs," said Miss Craig briefly. It was all she could utter. Besides, she was occupied with a pink cream-puff. Austin and Boots watched her with a

dreadful fascination; but she seemed competent to manage it.

Selwyn, beside Eileen, had ventured on the formalities—his voice unsteady and not yet his own.

Her loveliness had been a memory; he had supposed he realized it to himself; but the superb, fresh beauty of the girl dazed him. There was a strange new radiance, a living brightness to her that seemed almost unreal. Exquisitely unreal her voice, too, and the slightly bent head, crowned with the splendor of her hair; and the slowly raised eyes, two deep blue miracles tinged with the hues of paradise.

"There's no use," sighed Drina, "I shall not be able to dance. Boots, there's to be a dance, you know; so I'll sit on the stairs with Daisy Craig; and you'll come to me occasionally, won't you?"

Miss Craig yawned frightfully and made a purely mechanical move toward an iced strawberry. Before she got it Nina gave the rising signal.

"Are you remaining to smoke?" asked Eileen as Selwyn took her to the doorway. "Because, if you are not—I'll wait for you."

"Where?" he asked.

"Anywhere. . . . Where shall I?"

Again the twin blue miracles were lifted to his; and deep in them he saw her young soul, waiting.

Around them was the gay confusion, adieux, and laughter of partners parted for the moment; Nina passed them with a smiling nod; Boots conducted Drina to a resting-place on the stairs; outside, the hall was thronged with the younger set, and already their partners were returning to the tables.

"Find me when you can get away," said Eileen, looking once more at Selwyn; "Nina is signalling me now."

Again, as of old, her outstretched hand—the little formality symbolizing to him the importance of all that concerned them. He touched it.

"A bientôt," she said.

"On the lawn out there—farther out, in the starlight," he whispered—his voice broke—"my darling—"

She bent her head, passing slowly before him, turned, looked back, her answer in her eyes, her lips, in every limb, every line and contour of her, as she stood a moment, looking back.

Austin and Boots were talking volubly when he returned to the tables now veiled in a fine haze of aromatic smoke. Gerald stuck close to him, happy, excited, shy by turns. Others came up on every side—young, frank, confident fellows, nice in bearing, of good speech and manner.

And outside waited their pretty partners of the younger set, gossiping in hall, on stairs and veranda in garrulous heaves, all filmy silks and laces and bright-eyed expectancy.

The long windows were open to the veranda; Selwyn, with his arm through Gerald's, walked to the railing and looked out across the fragrant starlit waste. And very far away they heard the sea intoning the hymn of the four winds.

Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for a while. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it, and walked straight out into the waste.

He halted to listen; he looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

"Eileen?"

"Is it you, Philip?"

She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the moorland, the stars' brilliancy silvering her—waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, wordless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild-rose tint crept into her face; her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave it, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that no man clings to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS

"Movie Weekly" wants to know what picture during the month of March our readers enjoyed the most.

Just fill out the attached coupon and mail it to the Editor with the title of what, in your opinion, is the best picture you saw last month.

In an early issue of the magazine, we will publish the titles of the ten pictures receiving the greatest number of votes.

Let us be each other's guide in the criticising of pictures. "Movie Weekly" will gladly lend space for such a worthy purpose.

Send in your vote without delay, using coupon below.

EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
113-119 West 40th St., New York City.
The best picture I saw last month was

.....
.....
(Signed)
Name.....

The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(Continued from page 4)

blistered hands and aching, tired muscles—but after several weeks, the garden was finally planted and Taylor settled down to note its growth.

The extensive knowledge that he had of literature, of art, of culture in general, stood him in good stead. He found that he could augment his allowance from home by making speeches and delivering lectures, and finally he began to enjoy the society of the Harperites, meager as it was.

Just as he was on the verge of harvesting his first season's crop, however, something happened which came as a decided set-back. He had already arranged for the disposal of the greater portion of his garden produce and would shortly make a delivery. Came a drought, however, and he was forced to sit by—together with other unfortunate farmers—and watch his produce shrivel and dry, but he took the matter philosophically and started in once again to replant his acreage. Other Englishmen, his neighbors, were becoming discouraged. Several returned to their native hearths. Others drifted away and were not heard of again.

Perhaps, in his heart, Taylor wished that he, likewise, could leave Harper never to return, but his bank account was small and he determined not to write home for more money. He was sowing his crop and waiting to harvest it, not knowing whether or not his slender finances would pull him through until the harvest time. It looked as if they would not, and he was commencing to worry.

His entire life has been marked, it seems, by the hand of Fate. Whenever he did not apparently know where to turn for help it would invariably come. And, when he needed it most during those dreary days in Kansas, it was on his way to him.

But again it was the stage, and although he did not realize the fact, he was destined again to return to the boards, for, in the anny Davenport company there was a vacant berth which his talents fitted Taylor to fill.

(Continued next week)

Bebe Daniels ~ PRIZE WINNERS



Hazel Zonner
Six ~

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble BEBE DANIELS, and whose pictures we are reprinting from the Bebe Daniels page of February 11th.

MISS HAZEL SONNER

of Alexandria, Virginia, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the \$25.00 first prize with 165 votes. Her picture was No. 6.

MISS MADELEINE DELMORE

of New London, Connecticut, whose picture was No. 1, had 148 votes, entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places:

MARJORIE LEE (No. 7).....	3rd Place
NELL WALE (No. 2).....	4th "
BETTY B. WEST (No. 9).....	5th "
HELEN CARBONELLA (No. 3).....	6th "
NELLE EARLE (No. 4).....	7th "
LEONA KINNEY (No. 8).....	8th "
HATTIE HOHANSER (No. 5).....	9th "

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decisions.



Madeleine Delmore
One..

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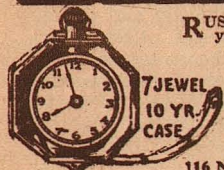
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A Few Smiles

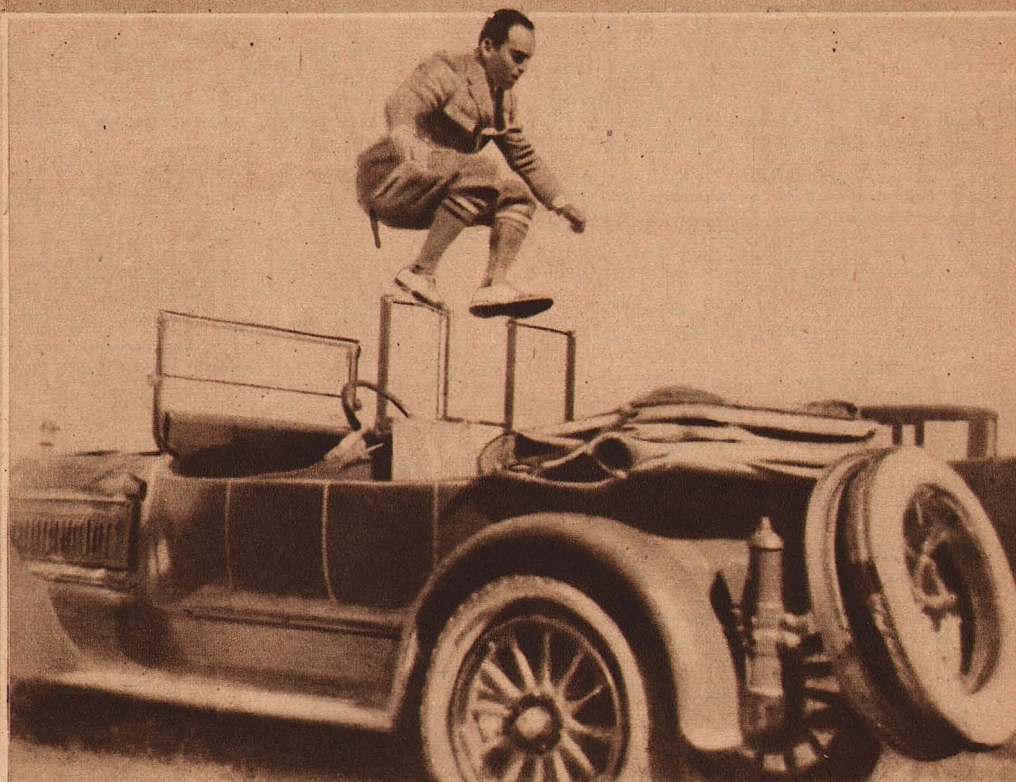
Suppose Charlie Chaplin had been knighted, as threatened. The director would have to say, "Sir Charles, would you mind heaving that custard pie?"

Is there anything in the world wetter than a movie rain?

What if the nations disarm? We still have Bill Hart.

Buster Keaton is known as the comedian who never smiles. Even before he was married, he never smiled.

The people of Los Angeles say that when Cecil B. De Mille named his new picture, "Fool's Paradise," he had San Francisco in mind.



"There are facts you may want to know *for sure* and one of them is whether or not I live up to my own prescription.

I do and it's easy!

I have kept myself happy and well through keeping my physical department in first class order. If that had been left to take care of itself I would surely have fallen by the wayside in other departments. Once we sit down in security the world seems to *hand us things we do not need*.

Fresh air is my intoxicant—and it keeps me in high spirits. My system doesn't crave artificial stimulation because *my daily exercise* circulates the blood sufficiently. Then, too, I always *keep busy*. That's the real elixir—*activity*."

From Mr. Fairbanks
book "Laugh and Live."

*Very Sincerely
Douglas Fairbanks*

There are only a few geniuses in the motion picture business and Fairbanks is one of them. He is, too, the embodiment of physical perfection, and it is with pleasure that we quote his own words on the subject of keeping fit.

Fairbanks' opinion is a part of physical culture doctrine—a doctrine that we hope you will help spread and observe during

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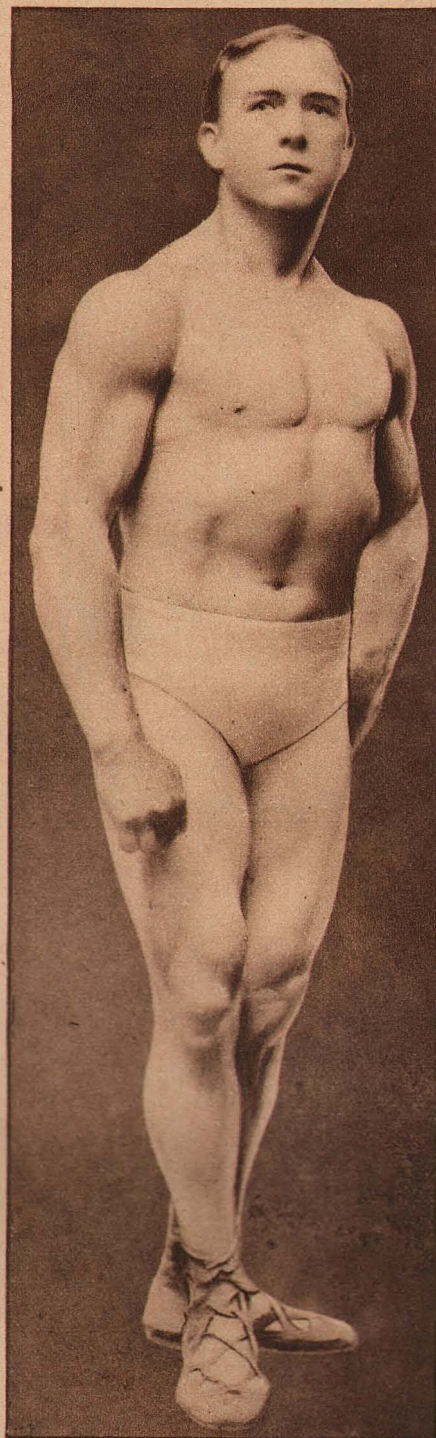
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Or are you satisfied to drift along half dead—half alive—always getting on the nerves of those with whom you associate—overlooking half of the beautiful things around you—ashamed to acknowledge that you are a miserable failure—a physical and mental wreck? Then you are indeed only 50% man—a man to be looked down on—despised—discarded.

But perhaps you don't know that you can be restored—that your flagging powers can be revived—that you can "come back."

To you I say—cheer up and confide in me. I will show you how you can measure up to 100% manhood and make your life worth while.

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Restore Your Pep and Power

When you admit that you have physical defects, you have taken the first step towards the accomplishment of real manhood; but you must not stop there. You must see to it that you are completely instructed and directed by one who can prove by his own physical fitness that he is able to really give you the health, strength and vigor you desire. You must go to a man who practices what he preaches. I am that man, as thousands of my pupils have voluntarily testified. I built up my own body and won the world's record as the finest specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same principles I want to apply to you. I don't care what has caused your present unfitness—I don't care how often other methods have failed, you will find my methods entirely different and resultful. I will rebuild and restore you. I will give you the power, vitality and personality that every real man must have. I will make a real man of you—a 100% man. I will accomplish this in Nature's own way, no drugs or dope. Simple, sensible instructions scientifically applied without the use of fads or fancy methods or expensive apparatus. I guarantee that I will accomplish all I undertake with

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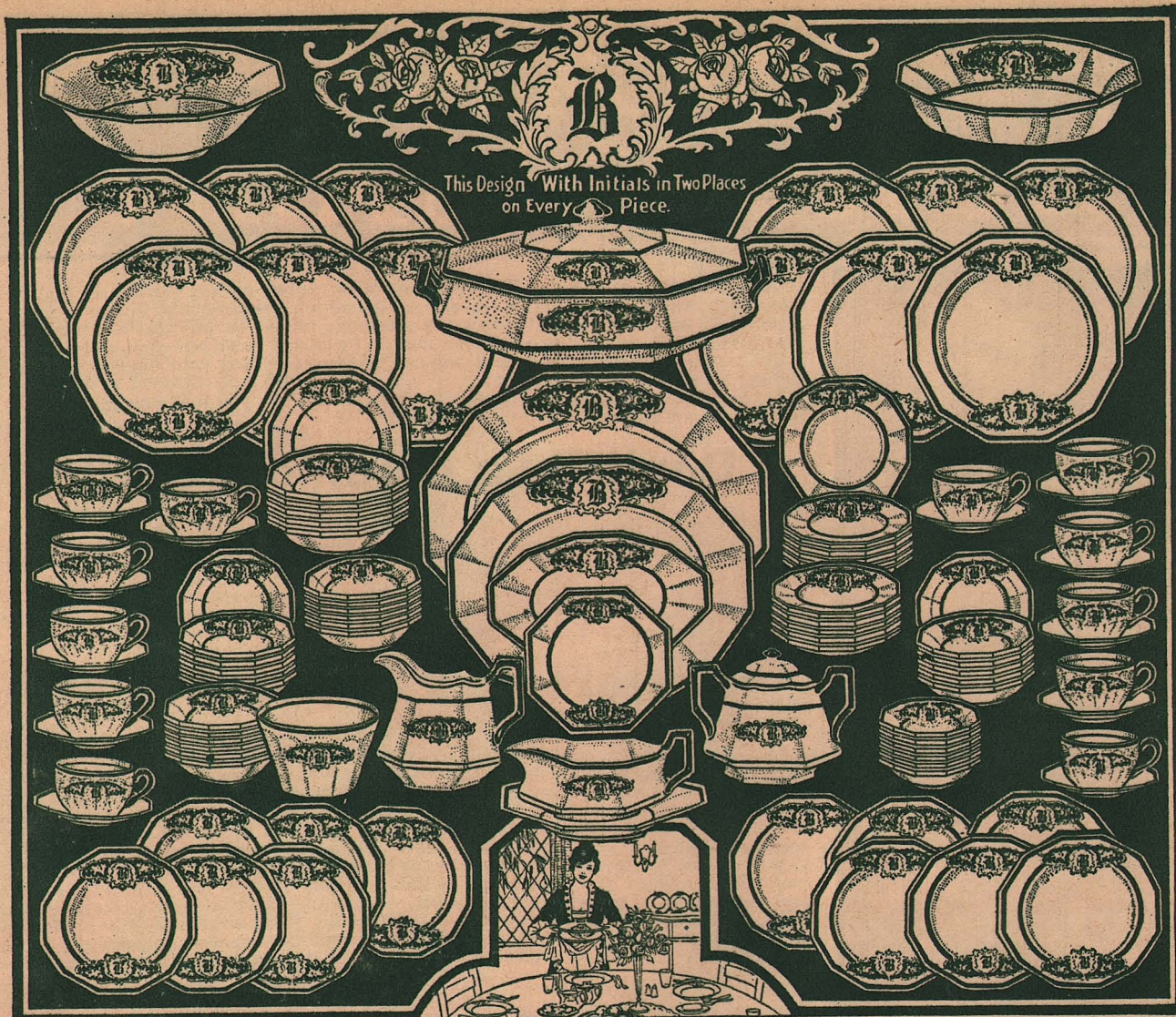
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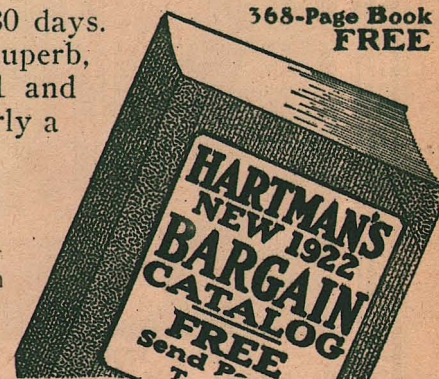
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